

The **CYR READERS**
BY GRADES

BOOK
SEVEN

GINN & COMPANY

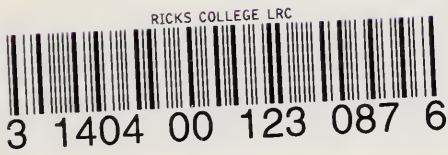
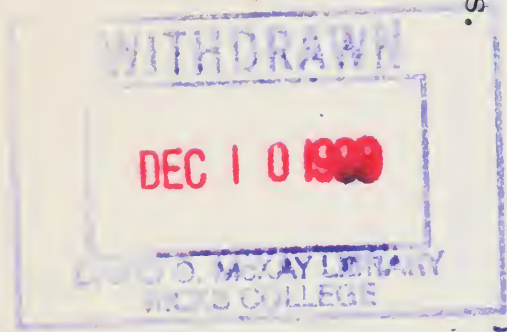
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Ellen M.
The Cyr readers.



THE
CYR READERS

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY
ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK SEVEN

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TO
MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTERS

Eleanore and Edith



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PREFACE.

THE importance of learning to love what is best to read is hardly second to the art of reading. During childhood the imagination is most active, and this is the period when the mind should become familiar with the choicest gems of thought and expression.

The seeds sown in early life must bear fruit in later years. Long before the child can define an author's meaning the spirit of the thought has reached his heart.

It is with this firm conviction, based upon schoolroom experience, that the author of this series has gradually led her readers up the steep of literature.

We have now reached the lofty heights and must search among the grand peaks and crags of the works of the world's greatest writers for what will appeal to children and lead them to love the grandeur which they cannot yet fully comprehend.

The majority of pupils in our public schools cannot take advantage of our high school privileges; but with libraries at their disposal, and an introduction to the world's best literature, they may continue their education after their school life is ended.

It has been the author's aim to collect the best material from the best authors. There are certain selections which can never grow old, and a reading book of this grade would be incomplete without them.

I extend my thanks to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for permission to use selections from the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson; to Harper & Bros., for extract from "Prue and I," by George William Curtis; to The Cassell Publishing Company, for poem by John Boyle O'Reilly; to R. F. Fenno & Co., for extract from "With Dewey at Manila"; to Mr. William H. Hayne, for poem by Paul Hamilton Hayne; and to the following authors: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mr. Thomas J. Vivian.

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Elliot and Frye, London, for use of a copyright photograph of Ruskin, and to Messrs. Walker and Boutall, London, for permission to reproduce portraits of Mrs. Browning and Robert Burns.

I take pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness to Mr. Austin H. Kenerson, for his hearty coöperation and valuable suggestions in the preparation of this book, as well as in the lower books of the series.

ELLEN M. CYR.

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THE CYR READERS

BOOK SEVEN

THE ALBATROSS.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born in England on the 21st of October, 1772. His father was both vicar and school-master of the parish.

Samuel was the youngest of thirteen children. He was a sensitive, delicate child, with a vivid imagination, and loved to be by himself. 5

He began his education at the free grammar school, and was found to have a remarkable mind. His father died before he was nine years old, and the boy felt his loss deeply. The mother was poor, and Samuel was sent to London to live with an uncle, never returning to his native town except on occasional visits. The scenes of his early home were, however, so impressed upon his memory that he afterwards said that whenever he closed his eyes in the sunlight he saw afresh the waters of the Otter, its willowy banks, the plank that crossed it, and the sand of varied tints that lay in its bed.



After spending three months in London, Coleridge was admitted to the charity school at Christ's Hospital. There was little in his life to make him happy, but he was obliged to remain there from eight to nine years. He made some warm friends, among them a timid, sensitive boy named Charles Lamb, who in after years became famous, under the pen-name of "Elia," as the author of a number of quaint and charming essays. 25

Coleridge was a born poet, and in spite of his hardship began writing poems during these school days. He used to act out what he had read, and imagine himself the hero of legend or 30

history. Lamb wrote of him: "The walls of the old Grey Friars reëchoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

Coleridge entered Cambridge University when he was nineteen. He enjoyed the social life there, and his rooms at college became
5 a center of attraction. In spite of this, his life was not happy and he fled from college, enlisting under an assumed name in a regiment of dragoons. He was a poor horseman, but a favorite in camp because of his gift at telling stories and his readiness to nurse the sick and write letters for his comrades.

10 One day he wrote a Latin quotation on a stall, and an officer, seeing that he was a scholar, made him his orderly. It was part of Coleridge's duty to walk behind his officer in the streets, where he was recognized one day by a student, and his friends procured his discharge.

15 He returned to Cambridge, and was soon busily engaged in his studies.

During the vacation of his last year at Cambridge, Coleridge visited one of his old school-fellows at Bristol. While there he made the acquaintance of Sara Fricker, who became his wife
20 in October of 1795. He, in company with other friends, had decided to go to America and there establish a colony, but their plan was given up.

Coleridge had sold some poems for thirty guineas, and with this sum he started in life. He found a pretty little cottage
25 at Clevedon, near Bristol. It was one story high, with a rose tree peeping in at the window. Here the youthful pair began their married life.

Literature now became his chosen profession. His first volume of poems was published when he was twenty-four years old.
30 This was followed by a volume of sonnets; and still later he published his "Ode to the Departing Year."

Hartley Coleridge, the poet's first son, was born during the next fall; and soon after the family went to Nether Stowey. Coleridge had made the acquaintance of Wordsworth. The latter moved to
35 Alfoxden and the two poets became lifelong friends. At this time Coleridge wrote "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "The

Dark Ladie," and the first part of "Christabel," and was also engaged in writing for several newspapers.

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" was planned during a walk, and the story of the albatross was suggested by Wordsworth. For two years Coleridge led a happy life. He then 5 became discouraged and burdened by debt. Some friends furnished him with the necessary funds and he sailed for Germany, remaining there about a year.

In the summer of 1800 Coleridge took his family to Greta Hall, near Keswick. A painful disease led him to take drugs, 10 and he became a slave to the use of opium.

Coleridge soon left Keswick and went to London, where he lived in poverty. A friend had left him a pension, and the poet set it aside for the support of his family.

His poems had at this time become well known, and he might 15 have spent his last years in comfort had it not been for his terrible bondage; but the last twenty years of his life were spent in wretchedness and failure.

Coleridge died on the 25th of July, 1834. Life had lost hope for him, and his success as a poet failed to cheer him. His 20 works are exquisite in thought and expression, and command the admiration of all true lovers of poetry.

PART I.

THE ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?” — With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

.



"FOR ALL AVERRED I HAD KILLED THE BIRD."

For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
'The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

From "The Ancient Mariner."

PICCIOLA.

X. B. SAINTINE.

X. B. SAINTINE is the pen name of a French writer, who was born at Paris in 1798. His earliest works were so full of good cheer and sympathy that they won many readers.

Saintine received a prize for his writings from the French Academy when he was but twenty-one, and two years later a second prize was awarded him by the same Academy.

In 1823 he published a book of poems; but his most famous work is "Picciola." The story is beautifully told, and its charm seems everlasting.

The Academy awarded it a prize of three thousand francs, and decorated the author with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Saintine laid aside his writing during his later years and enjoyed a peaceful and happy old age, surrounded by his many friends and all the comforts of life. His death occurred in 1865.

ONE day Charney was breathing the fresh air in the little court of the fortress, his head declining, his eyes downcast, his arms crossed behind him, pacing with slow and measured steps.

Spring was breaking. A milder air breathing around tantalized him with a vain inclination to enjoy the season at liberty. He was proceeding to number, one by one, the stones paving the courtyard, when he perceived a small mound of earth rising between two stones of the pavement, cleft slightly at the summit.

The Count stopped short, his heart beat hurriedly. Who could decide that this trifling irregularity on

the surface might not indicate important operations underground? Perhaps his former friends had been mining to procure access to his dungeon and restore him to light and liberty. He listened! He fancied he could detect a low murmur. He raised his head, and 5 the loud and rapid clang of the tocsin saluted his ear. The ramparts were echoing with the prolonged roll of drums, like the call to arms in time of war. Is his liberation at hand? Has France a new ruler?

Again he lends a listening ear, and the same noises 10 recur; but they mislead him no longer. The supposed tocsin is only the church-bell which he has been accustomed to hear daily at the same hour; and the drums, the usual evening signal for retreat to quarters. With a bitter smile Charney begins to pity his own folly 15 which could mistake the insignificant labors of some wandering mole or field-mouse for the result of human fidelity.

Resolved, however, to bring the matter to the test, Charney, bending over the little hillock, gently removed 20 the earth from its summit; when he had the mortification to perceive that the wild though momentary emotion by which he had been overcome was not produced by so much as the labors of an animal armed with teeth and claws, but by the efforts of a feeble 25 plant to pierce the soil—a pale and sickly scatterling of vegetation.

Deeply vexed, he was about to crush with his heel the miserable weed, when a refreshing breeze, laden

with the sweets of some bower of honeysuckles or syringas swept past, as if to intercede for mercy toward the poor plant, which might perhaps hereafter reward him with its flowers and fragrance.

5 A new thought led him to suspend his act of vengeance. How had this tender plant, so soft and fragile as to be crushed with a touch, contrived to pierce and cleave asunder the soil, daily trodden by his own foot-
10 tween which it was enclosed? On stooping again to examine the matter with more attention, he observed at the extremity of the plant a sort of fleshy lobe, affording protection to its first and tenderest leaves from the injurious contact of any hard bodies that they
15 might have to encounter in penetrating the earthy crust in search of light and air.

“This then is the secret!” cried he, already interested in the discovery. “Nature has imparted strength to the vegetable germ, even as the unfledged bird which
20 is able to break asunder with its beak the eggshell in which it is imprisoned; happier than myself—in possession of instruments to secure its liberation!” And after gazing another minute on the inoffensive plant, he lost all inclination for its destruction.

25 On resuming his walk the next day, with wide and careless steps, Charney was on the point of setting his foot on it, but drew back in time. Amused to find himself interested in the preservation of a weed, he paused to take note of its progress. The plant was

strangely grown, and the free light of day had already effaced the pale and sickly complexion of the preceding day. Charney was struck by the power in plants to absorb rays of light, and, strengthened by the nourishment, to borrow, as it were, from the prism, the very 5 colors destined to distinguish its various parts.

“The leaves,” thought he, “will probably imbibe a hue different from that of the stem. And the flowers? what color, I wonder, will be the flowers? Nourished by the same sap as the green leaves and stem, how do 10 they manage to acquire from the influence of the sun their tints of azure, pink, or scarlet? For already their hue is appointed. But lo, the fleshy lobes which served to facilitate the plant’s progress through the soil, though now useless, are feeding themselves at its 15 expense, and weighing upon its slender stalk.”

Even as he spoke, daylight became obscured. A chilly spring evening, threatening a frosty night, was setting in; and the two lobes, gradually rising, seemed to reproach him by enclosing the still tender foliage, 20 which they secured from the attacks of insects or the inclemency of the weather by the screen of their protecting wings. In the weariness of captivity Charney was soon satisfied to occupy his idle hours in observing the changes in the plant. But when he attempted to 25 argue with it, the answers of the simple herb were too much for him.

“To what purpose these stiff bristles, disfiguring a slender stem?” demanded the Count. And the follow-

ing morning he found them covered with frost; thanks to their defence, the delicate bark had been secured from all contact with the rime.

“To what purpose, for the summer season, this winter garment of wool and down?” he again inquired. And when the summer season really breathed upon the plant, he found the new shoots array themselves in their light spring clothing, the downy vestments being laid aside.

10 “Storms may be impending!” cried Charney with a bitter smile; “and how will these slender and flexible shoots resist the cutting hail, the driving wind?” But when the stormy rain arose and the winds blew, the slender plant, yielding to their force, replied to the
15 sneers of the Count by prudent prostration. Against the hail it fortified itself in a different way; the leaves, rapidly uprising, clung to the stalks for protection, presenting to the attacks of the enemy the strength of their under surface; and union, as usual, produced
20 strength. Firmly closed together they defied the pelting shower, and the plant remained the master of the field.

Count Charney delighted in watching day by day the constant changes of the plant. Even after his
25 return to his cell he often watched the little solitary through his prison bars. One morning, as he stood at the window, he saw the jailer, who was rapidly crossing the courtyard, pass so close to it that the stem seemed on the point of being crushed under his feet.

The Count actually shuddered! When Ludovico, the jailer, arrived with his breakfast, Charney inquired after his little boy, and, taking from his box a small gilt goblet, charged him to present it to the child.

Ludovico refused the gift; but Charney resolved to persevere. “I am aware that a toy, a rattle, a flower would be a present better suited to Antonio’s age; but you can sell the goblet and buy those trifles with the money. And lo! speaking of flowers,” — the Count made his plea. 10

— “Sir Count,” replied the jailer, “keep your goblet. Were this pretty bauble missing from your case its companions might fret after it; and with respect to your gillyflower” —

“Is it a gillyflower?” interrupted Charney with eagerness. 15

“How should I know? All flowers are more or less gillyflowers. But as to sparing the life of yours, methinks the request comes late in the day. My boot would have been better acquainted with it long ago, had I not perceived your affection for the weed.”

“Oh, as to my partiality,” interrupted Charney, “I beg to assure you” —

“Tut, tut! What need of assurance?” cried Ludovico. “Men must have something to love; and state prisoners have little choice. Some amuse themselves with rearing linnets and goldfinches; others have a fancy for white mice. For my part, poor souls! I have this much respect for their pets — that I had a fine 25

Angora cat of my own, with long silken hair — you'd have sworn it was a muff when it was asleep! — a cat that my wife doted on, to say nothing of myself. Well, I gave it away, lest the creature should take a
5 fancy to some of their favorites. All the cats in creation ought not to weigh against so much as a mouse belonging to a captive!"

.

Charney became daily more attached to the object of his care, and had the satisfaction of seeing the plant
10 expand and acquire new beauties every hour. "If it would but flower!" he frequently exclaimed. "What a delight to hail the opening of its first blossom! a blossom whose beauty, whose fragrance will be developed for the sole enjoyment of my eager senses. What will
15 be its color, I wonder? what the form of its petals? Time will show. How I long for the moment! Bloom, Picciola! bloom, and reveal yourself in all your beauty to him to whom you are indebted for the preservation of your life!"

20 Picciola [poor little thing] was the name, borrowed from the lips of Ludovico, which Charney had bestowed upon his favorite.

Returning one morning to the accustomed spot, the Count's eyes were suddenly attracted toward a shoot of
25 unusual form gracing the principal stem of the plant. He felt the beating of his heart accelerated, and, ashamed of his weakness, the color rose to his cheek as he stooped to examine it. The spherical shape,

covered with glossy scales, announced a bud ! Eureka !
— a flower must be at hand !

One evening, after his customary visit to Picciola, an attack of faintness overpowered him ; he threw himself on the bed, with aching brows and shivering limbs. 5
He fancied sleep would restore him. But instead of sleep came pain and fever ; and on the morrow, when he tried to rise, an influence stronger than his will held him to his pallet, and there he remained for many days. 10

As the convalescence of the Count proceeded, he was seated one morning in his chamber, when the door was suddenly burst open, and Ludovico, with a radiant countenance, rushed into the room.

“ Victory ! ” cried he. “ The creature is in bloom ! 15
Picciola ! Picciola ! ”

“ In bloom ! ” cried Charney, starting up. “ Let me see her — I must see the blossom.”

In vain did the jailer implore the Count to delay the undertaking for a day or two. Charney was deaf to 20
all remonstrance. He consented only to wait an hour, in order that the sun might become one of the party.

At the appointed moment Ludovico reappeared, to offer the Count de Charney the support of his arm down the steep steps of the stone staircase. 25

The enchantress had, indeed, attired herself in all her charms ! Her brilliantly streaked corolla, in which crimson, pink, and white were blended, her large transparent petals, bordered by a little, silvery fringe, ex-

ceeded the utmost anticipations of the Count as he gazed with delight upon it. He was filled with love and admiration for the delicate thing, whose fragrance and beauty breathed enchantment. But he was soon
 5 startled from his revery. The Count noticed for the first time traces of mutilation — branches half cut away, and faded leaves wounded by some sharp instrument. Tears started to his eyes.

“Come, come, compose yourself!” said Ludovico.
 10 “Picciola, the stout-hearted little weed, brought you out of your illness. Did not the three humbugs pronounce you to be dying? I snipped off enough of these leaves for a strong infusion, and a single cup of it acted like a charm. ’T is a recipe that I mean
 15 to keep as the apple of my eye; and if ever poor little Antonio should fall ill, he shall drink broths of this herb. Though her foliage is a little thinner, I’ve a notion the plant will not suffer from thinning. Picciola will, perhaps, be the better for the job, as well as her
 20 master.”

Charney gazed once more at the object of his care; but instead of admiration for the delicate lines and the perfume of those expanding blossoms, he experienced only gratitude for the gift of life. He beheld a bene-
 25 factress in Picciola.

THE BATTLE AT MANILA.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

PART I.

WHEN we arrived off Subig Bay on the afternoon of Saturday, April 30, 1898, the Commodore called the commanding officers of the ships over to his cabin and outlined to them his plan of attack.

He told them he had every reason to believe that the Spaniards were in Manila Bay, and that his purpose was to carry out the President's instructions and destroy their fleet. We were told that the first thing was to slip into the bay, and if possible to pass the shore forts without drawing their fire. 5 10

Sunday morning came on still and hot, and before dawn the fleet steamed slowly into the harbor. First went the flagship "Olympia," then the "Baltimore," then the "Raleigh," next the "Petrel," following her the "Concord," and last the "Boston." After the fighting fleet came the supply ships. 15

As we rounded out beyond the last point before reaching the entrance, we saw the lights of the great cone of Corregidor burning bright and still, but saw nothing in the shape of a searchlight. Every man was called up and ordered to wash and take a cup of coffee. While this light and early refreshment was being served all the ships' lights were extinguished, except those on the taffrail, and these were hooded. So we crept along 20

until we came into the channel, moving in single file.

In that still air it seemed absolutely impossible for us to escape the attention of the entrance forts, yet we
5 would all have been inside — squadron, supply ships, and convoy — without the Spanish fleet receiving the faintest intimation of our approach if it had not been for an enthusiastic fireman. Throwing open the furnace doors, he ladled in a few shovelfuls of soft coal.
10 Up from the smokestack of the cutter went a great shower of sparks.

Some minutes elapsed before out of the west there came a bugle call, then a flash, and then the rolling boom of a great gun.

15 Twice more the battery spoke, and with the third shot there came a crack from the “Concord,” and we knew that our first shot had gone out in the shape of a four-inch shell. Then still further back of us the “Boston” sent in an eight-inch shell, and still further
20 to the rear the “Mc Culloch” sounded a few of her four-pounders.

The batteries kept on flashing and booming a few minutes longer, and then became as silent as they were before we had steamed up.

25 As soon as we had passed the batteries at the harbor mouth we slowed down, until it seemed as though we were almost at a standstill. The Commōdore was talking in an undertone to the rebel Filippino who was acting as pilot; I could see the figures of the

men standing silently at their posts up and down the ship; and looking over her sides I could distinguish no line of demarcation between the dull gray of the vessels and the dark waters of the bay through which we were so slowly slipping.

5

This creeping, creeping, creeping, with invisible mines below-us and an invisible fleet ahead, was a test out of which no man came without a sigh of relief. We were all keyed up, but it was not long before the fighting string in every man's heart was twanging and singing 10 like that of a taut bow.

As is the fashion of nature in these parts, the dawn turned as suddenly into day as though a curtain had been torn down from the sunlight, and there right ahead of us lay the Spanish fleet tucked up under the 15 forts of Cavité.

Commodore Dewey's fleet consisted of seven vessels, exclusive of the transports. There were four cruisers, two gunboats, one cutter, fifty-seven classified big guns, seventy-four rapid firers and machine guns, and 20 one thousand eight hundred and eight men.

Against us were pitted seven cruisers, five gunboats, two torpedo boats, fifty-two classified big guns, eighty-three rapid firers and machine guns, and one thousand nine hundred and forty-eight men.

25

It cannot be denied that we had a greater number of heavy guns and that our ships were of modern construction, nor must it be overlooked that the Spanish fleet was much more numerous, and that it had the

immense assistance of protecting forts manned with strong garrisons and mounting an unknown number of guns, of whose caliber and force we had been told most terrifying things.

5 As we passed on the eastward curve before actually beginning the engagement, our lookouts reported that Admiral Montojo's flag was flying on the cruiser "Reina Cristina." They reported also that the Spaniards appeared to be protected by a sort of roughly con-
10 structed boom of logs.

As we steamed slowly along then, after dropping the supply ships, there came a flash of flame and a boom from the bastions of Cavité, followed immediately by another flame and a sharper report from one of the
15 Spanish flagship's modern guns. Both shots dropped somewhere in the bay, and our only answer was in sending up a string of flags bearing the code watch-word, "Remember the 'Maine'!"

On steamed the fleet, with every gun loaded and
20 every man at his post; but not a lanyard was pulled. Even the Spaniards at Cavité ceased firing as we moved down toward Manila. As we rounded past the city's water-front, with about four miles of blue water between us and it, we could with our glasses
25 make out the city walls, church towers, and other high places, crowded with sight-seers. As we turned from Manila, the Commodore said something about the picturesqueness of the city, adding that the blue hills at the back of the town reminded him of those of Ver-

mont. It was most unaffectedly said, and was no more tinged with bravado than was Captain Wildes's use of a palm-leaf fan during the engagement.

As we headed toward the Spanish fleet, their gunners and those of the forts began a right merry fusillade. 5 With all this thundering and snapping of the Spaniards, however, there was no answer from us. Up went the signal, "Hold your fire until close in," and on went the squadron. Suddenly something happened. Close off the bow of the "Baltimore" there came a 10 shaking of the bay and a geyser of mud and water. Then right ahead of the "Raleigh" came another ugly fountain of harbor soil and water.

We were among the mines at last.

But we did not strike any. These two upheavals 15 marked the extent of our experience with the "terrible mines" of Manila Bay. The Commodore, his chief of staff, Commander Lamberton, the executive officer, Lieutenant Reese, and the navigator were on the forward bridge. Captain Gridley was in the conning 20 tower. With a glance at the shore the Commodore turned to the officer next to him and said: "About five thousand yards I should say; eh, Reese?"

"Between that and six thousand, I should think, sir," Reese answered. 25

The Commodore then leaned over the railing and called out:—

"When you are ready you may fire, Gridley."

Instantly the floor of the bridge sprang up beneath

our feet as the port eight-inch gun of our forward turret gave its introductory roar. Our first aim was at the center of the Spanish fleet, the "Olympia's" shot being particularly directed, as a sort of international mark of courtesy, to the "Reina Cristina."

As our turret gun rang out, the "Baltimore" and "Boston" took up the chorus, their forward guns pitching in two-hundred-and-fifty-pound shells. The reply of the Spaniards was simply terrific. Their ship and shore guns seemed to unite in one unending snap and roar, while the scream of their shot, the bursting of shells, made up a din that was as savage as it was unceasing. It was, however, but as the scraping of fiddle strings to the blare and crash of a full orchestra when compared with that which was to follow.

One wailing, shrieking shell was making straight for the "Olympia's" forward bridge when it exploded about a hundred feet in front of us, one fragment sawing the rigging just over our heads. Another fragment chiselled a long splinter from the deck just under where the Commodore stood; a third smashed the bridge gratings, and all around and about and above us there was the sputter and shriek and roar of projectiles.

But the miracle was that none of us was hit. Through this hail of miraculously impotent steel we steered until within a distance of four thousand yards of the Spanish column.

"Open with all the guns," said the Commodore; and they were opened. That is, all on the port broadside.

By the time the last ship had passed the Spaniards, the "Olympia" had swung around on her return line of attack, and once more we were steaming past Montojo with our starboard guns flaming, roaring, spitting, and smoking as we went. As we passed, the batteries on 5 shore and the Spanish batteries afloat banged away at us, fighting gallantly and furiously. One shot went clean through the "Baltimore," but hit no one. Another cut the signal halyards from Lieutenant Brumby's hands on the after bridge. Another shell passed 10 through the "Boston's" foremast, not far from where Captain Wildes was, on the bridge.

END OF PART I.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE was born in New York City on the 27th of May, 1819. Her father, Mr. Samuel Ward, was a well-known banker. Her mother was a cultured woman and was the author of several poems.

5 The young girl was carefully educated, and early showed a love for literature. She read a large share of the books in her father's library and wrote verses during her childhood.

She was married to Dr. Samuel Howe, who was the superintendent of the Blind Asylum, at Boston, and traveled with him through Europe.

10 "Passion Flowers," Mrs. Howe's first volume of poems, was published in 1854, and another collection, "Words for the Hour," appeared two years later.

Her "Battle Hymn" was published with other poems in a book entitled "Later Lyrics."

15 Mrs. Howe resides in Boston, and is actively engaged in writing and lecturing.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damp;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel :

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat ;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my
feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the
sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me ;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

THE BATTLE AT MANILA.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

PART II.

It was on the third turn that the great naval duel between the two flagships took place.

When we sighted the Spanish fleet, I remarked that the enemy seemed to have no steam up, and that the
 5 fleet seemed to lie behind a breakwater. As we came closer to them, however, we saw more clearly the scheme of their order. Put out your right hand with the thumb extended; call the thumb the Cavité spit, and the space between the thumb and the forefinger
 10 Cavité Bay. Manila lies about where the nail of the forefinger is. The town of Cavité lies in the pocket of the thumb and forefinger, and the thumb's nail stands for the main Cavité batteries, four in number. Put a pencil halfway across from the thumb's nail to the first
 15 joint of the forefinger, and it will stand for the Cavité arsenal with its boom extension. Behind this boom lay the gunboats of the Spanish fleet, while in front of it, facing Manila Bay, were the Spanish cruisers.

They lay anchored while we made our first and
 20 second parallels of attack, but by the time we were sweeping up on the third course the smoke poured out of the "Reina Cristina's" smokestacks; there was a fleece of white gathered about the steam pipe, and



Drawn by Frank T. Merrill.

Engraved by Robert Varley.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

the flagship moved out to the attack. She gallantly stood for the "Olympia," and it looked as though it were her intention to ram us. The Commodore passed the word to concentrate all possible fire on the "Reina Cristina," and she actually shivered under the battering of our storm of shot and shell. Rents appeared near her water-line where the eight-inch shells had torn their way. One shot struck the port bridge on which Admiral Montojo stood, upon which, like the brave man
10 he was, the Admiral coolly stepped to the other end.

But no bravery could stand the driving, crushing, rending of the tons of steel which we poured into the "Cristina," and there was quite a little cheer from our forward men as the Spanish flagship slowly turned and
15 made for the shore.

In the whole duel between the "Cristina" and the "Olympia" sixty of the Spanish crew were killed, including the chaplain and the first lieutenant. It was small wonder she retreated. It was during the frightful hubbub of the duel between the Admiral and the Commodore that two gunboats crept out from behind the Cavité pier and started in to do desperate deeds. One stole out along the shore, then turned and made for the supply ships, while the other headed for
20 the "Olympia."

The "Petrel" was sent after the first, and after a sharp bark or two from her four-pounders, the Spaniard evidently gave up the job and made for the shore. The "Petrel" made after her, and while the Spanish crew

clambered over their boat's sides and on to the beach and up into the underbrush, the "Petrel" turned her rapid-fire guns on their craft and literally blew her to pieces.

The other torpedo boat, which was bound to destroy 5 our flagship, made a better fight. Our secondary battery was concentrated on her, but still she kept on until within five hundred yards, and matters were beginning to look serious for us. Then the machine guns in the tops began to treat her to a hailstorm, 10 and this proved too much for this representative of Spanish naval daring. She turned, and as she did so a shell struck her just inside the stern railing, exploded, and the gunboat dipped suddenly in the middle; her stern and bow rose as suddenly in the air, and she 15 disappeared.

After passing five times in front of the enemy, the men having been at their blazing work for two uninterrupted hours, the Commodore concluded that it would be well to call a halt. 20

"What time is it, Reese?" asked the Commodore.

"Seven forty-five, sir."

"Breakfast time," said the Commodore with an odd smile; "run up the signals for 'cease firing' and follow me." 25

With that the "Olympia's" bows were set for a run to the eastern side of the bay where the storeships lay. As we swung out, the Spaniards gave a cheer. They possibly imagined as they saw our line forming to with-

draw, that the fight was over. So, too, might the Manila gunners on the Luneta fort have done, for as we passed them they let fly with their Krupp guns.

“No reply, I suppose, sir?” said Lamberton, looking
5 meaningly over to the forward turret, while the men at the five-inch guns were cocking their eyes inquisitively up at the bridge.

“Oh, no,” said the Commodore; “let them amuse themselves if they will. We shall have plenty of op-
10 portunity to burn powder. We haven’t begun fighting yet.”

No sooner had we reached the anchorage ground beside the transport ships than the Commodore called all the commanders on board to report. Then it was
15 that the wonder of it came to pass.

Not a ship disabled!

Not a gun out of order!

Not a man killed!

Not a man injured!

20 It seemed incredible that this should have been the result to us in that awful two hours’ fight, while to the Spaniards it had meant such destruction and desolation. Captain after captain reported the same astounding news to the Commodore.

25 The Commodore had decided on three hours’ rest, and this being ample time for all the preparatory work needed, there was no hurry. First of all, all hands were piped to breakfast, and while I am not historian enough to have the details of every great combat at my

pen's point, it strikes me that this deliberate hauling off and sitting down to breakfast in the middle of a sea-fight, stands as a situation unique in the chronicles of maritime warfare.

The programme for the second act was that we were 5
to finish up the enemy's fleet, taking one ship after another, and then attend to the forts. Again we sailed around to the Manila channel; and as we drew near the Spaniards we saw that the "Cristina," the "Castilla," and the transport "Mindanao," which latter had 10
been beached about midway between Cavité and Manila, were all ablaze, and that their crews were busy as so many ants trying to put out the flames.

The condition of the Spanish flagship was most pitiable, and before we had commenced firing the second 15
time we saw Admiral Montojo transferring his flag from the "Cristina" to the "Isla de Cuba."

The "Baltimore" headed for the "Cristina" and "Austria." As she came within range she caught all of the Spanish fire that was left on board those two 20
ships. It seemed that in their desperation the Spaniards fired better at this time than they had in the earlier morning, for one of the foreigners' shells exploded on the "Baltimore's" deck, wounding five men with the splinters. No reply came from the "Balti- 25
more."

A few minutes passed and another shell landed on the "Baltimore's" decks, and three other men were hit. Still the "Baltimore" did not reply. Shells plunged

about her until she seemed ploughing through a park of fountains. Then, when she reached about a three-thousand-yard range, she swung and poured a broadside into the "Reina Cristina."

5 The smoke clouds hid everything for a minute or two, but when they lifted we saw the "Cristina" blow up, and the waters about her beaten with a rain of descending fragments and men. When the rain of her fragments had ceased the "Cristina" settled and sank,
10 the remainder of her crew jumping overboard and swimming for the nearest consort.

The "Baltimore" then turned her attention to the "Don Juan de Austria," the "Olympia" and "Raleigh" steaming up to complete the destruction in as mercifully
15 brief a time as possible. The three cruisers poured a continuous stream of deadly steel into the Spaniard, which rocked under the smashing.

The Spaniard replied as best she could, but in the midst of it all there came a roar that drowned all pre-
20 vious noises. A shell had struck the Spaniard's magazine and exploded it. Up shot the "Austria's" decks in the flaming volcano, and so terrific was the explosion that the flying fragments of the cruiser actually tore away all the upper works of the gunboat which lay
25 beside her.

The cruisers "Velasco" and "Castilla" were the next of the enemy's ships to be wiped out.

Every ship in the Spanish fleet, with one exception, fought most valiantly, but to the "Don Antonio de

Ulloa" and her commander Robion should be given the palm for that sort of desperate courage and spirit which leads a man to die fighting. Shot after shot struck the Spaniard's hull, until it was riddled like a sieve. Shell after shell swept her upper decks, until under the awful 5 fire all of her upper guns were useless; but there was no sign of surrender. The main deck crew escaped, but the captain and his officers clung to their wreck. On the lower deck her gun crews stuck to their posts like the heroes they were. 10

As shot after shot struck the shivering hulk, and still her lower guns answered back as best they could, it seemed as though it were impossible to kill her. At last we noticed that sickening, unmistakable lurch of a sinking ship. Her commander noticed it too; still 15 there was no surrender. He nailed the Spanish ensign to what was left of the mast, and the "Don Antonio de Ulloa" went down, not only with her colors flying, but also with her lower guns still roaring defiance. It was a brave death, and I am sure every man in the squad- 20 ron would like to have shaken Commander Robion by the hand.

.

As the firing grew faster and more furious, and the smoke settled down again, it was again almost impossible to distinguish exact and particular acts. Ship after 25 ship was sunk or burned, until poor old Admiral Montojo, seeing but the shattered and blackened remnants of his fleet, hauled down his colors and, together

with the surviving Spaniards, hastily escaped from the sinking and burning hulk, Admiral and officers alike leaving behind them all their personal property and valuables.

5 One after the other of the shore batteries was settled, and then at 12.45 came the final blow. The bastions of the Cavité forts had been crumbling under the shells of the "Boston," "Baltimore," and "Concord," while the "Raleigh," "Olympia," and "Petrel" had been de-
10 voting themselves to the reduction of the arsenal.

After half an hour's fight of this sort the Cavité gunners evidently became demoralized and began to fire wildly. Those guns left in position continued firing, however, until at their back there was a thunder-
15 ous roar, followed by a heart-shaking concussion. A shell had landed in the arsenal magazine. With the upward rush of flames, fragments, and dead, the heart of the Spaniard went out of him, a white flag was run up at the Cavité citadel, and the battle of Manila was
20 over.

Again the commanders were called over to the flagship. Again came the reports: not a gun overthrown! not a vessel disabled! not a man killed!

From "With Dewey at Manila."

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

REGINALD HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER, an English clergyman and hymn-writer, was born in 1783. He was appointed Bishop of Calcutta in 1823.

His devotion to his work and the trying climate were too great a strain upon his health, and he died on the 3d of April, 1826.

Bishop Heber's hymns are among the finest and best known in the English language.

I SEE them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play ;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory ;
And waving arms and banners bright
Are glowing in the mellow light.

They're lost and gone ; the moon is past,
The woods' dark shade is o'er them cast ;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.
Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn — they come, they come ;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep ;
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear.

Forth, forth, and meet them on their way ;
The trampling hoofs brook no delay ;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come !

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO was born in France, on the 26th of February, 1802. His father was a general in the French army.

Hugo began to devote himself to literary work when he was nineteen. The next year his volume of "Odes and Ballads" was published, and the king of France was so pleased with the verses that he conferred a pension of a thousand francs upon the young poet.

He then wrote several volumes of poems and romances, as well as a number of dramas, which created great excitement among the political parties of France.

In 1837 he was made officer of the Legion of Honor and held a number of important positions during the next fourteen years. His writings and influence against Napoleon had created so strong a feeling by that time that he was obliged to leave France and take refuge in the Island of Guernsey. There he remained for nearly twenty years.

During his exile he wrote a number of books, among them "Les Misérables," one of the greatest novels ever published. He continued writing throughout his life.

Victor Hugo died on the 22d of May, 1885. His last years were made happy by the love and admiration of his countrymen, and his death was mourned throughout the nation.

THE old man sat motionless. For the moment it seemed to him that in escaping from the sea, and in touching land, all danger had vanished. No one knew his name; he was alone, lost to the enemy, without a trace left behind him. He felt a strange composure. A little more and he would have been asleep.

Suddenly he started to his feet.

He was looking at the steeple of Cormeray, directly in front of him beyond the plain. Something extraordinary was taking place in this steeple.

The belfry appeared alternately open and closed at regular intervals; its lofty windows showed all white, then all black; the sky could be seen through it, then it disappeared; a gleam of light would come, then an eclipse, and the opening and shutting followed each other a second apart, with the regularity of a hammer on an anvil. 5

He looked at all the steeples on the horizon. The belfries of all the steeples were alternately black and white. What did this mean?

It meant that all the bells were ringing. 15

They were sounding the alarm, sounding it frantically, sounding it everywhere, in all the belfries, in every parish, in every village, and not a sound reached his ears.

This was owing to the distance, which prevented the sounds from reaching so far, and because of the sea breeze blowing from the opposite direction, which carried all land noises far away from him. 20

All these bells madly calling from every side, and at the same time, silence; nothing could be more weird.

Certainly they were after somebody. 25

Whom?

This man of steel shuddered.

It could not be he. No one could have discovered his coming; he had just landed, and he finally assured

himself, by repeating, "Surely, no one knows of my arrival, and no one knows my name."

For some moments there had been a slight sound above and behind him. This sound was like the rustling of a leaf on a wind-shaken tree. At first he paid
5 no heed to it; then, as the sound continued, he at last turned around. The wind was trying to detach a large placard pasted on the pillar above his head.

He mounted the stone on which he had been sitting,
10 and placed his hand on the corner of the placard which was flapping in the wind; a part of the placard was printed in large letters, and there was still enough daylight to read them. He read this:—

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, ONE AND INDIVISIBLE.

15 We, Prieur de la Marne, acting representative of the people for the army of the coast of Cherbourg, order: The former Marquis de Lantenac, Viscount de Fontenay, the so-called Prince of Brittany, secretly landed on the coast of Granville, is declared an outlaw. A price is set on his head. The sum of sixty thou-
20 sand francs will be paid to him who will deliver him up, dead or alive. A battalion of the army of the coast of Cherbourg will be sent immediately in pursuit of the former Marquis de Lantenac. The parishes are ordered to lend every assistance. Given at the town hall of Granville, this second day of June, 1793. Signed

25

PRIEUR DE LA MARNE.

The old man pulled down his hat over his eyes, drew his cloak closely up under his chin, and went quickly down the dune. It was evidently unsafe to remain longer on this prominent summit.

The plain was deserted. It was an hour when there were no passers-by. He stopped behind a thicket, took off his cloak, turned the hairy side of his vest out, fastened his ragged cloak around his neck again by the cord, and started on his way. 5

“Where are you going?” said a voice.

He turned around.

A man was there in the thicket, tall like himself, old like himself, with white hair like his own, and with garments more ragged. Almost his double. This man 10 was leaning on a long stick. He repeated:—

“I ask where you are going.”

“In the first place, where am I?” he said with an almost haughty calmness.

The man replied:—

15

“You are in the province of Tanis. I am its beggar; you are its lord.”

“I?”

“Yes, you, sir, the Marquis de Lantenac.”

The Marquis de Lantenac—henceforth we shall call 20 him by his name—replied gravely:—

“You are right. Deliver me up.”

The man continued:—

“We are both at home here: you in the castle, I in the thicket.”

25

“Make an end of it. Do your work. Betray me,” said the Marquis.

The man pointed to the roof of the farmhouse, which could be seen some distance away, above the trees.

“They are searching for you. There is a half battalion there.”

“Well,” said the Marquis, “let us go on.”

And he took a step in the direction of the farm.

5 The man seized him by the arm.

“Do not go there.”

“And where would you have me go?”

“Home with me.”

The Marquis looked at the beggar.

10 “Listen, Marquis, my home is not fine; but it is safe. A hut lower than a cave. For a floor, a bed of seaweed; for a ceiling, a roof of branches and grass. Come. You would be shot at the farm. With me you will go to sleep. You must be tired; and to-
15 morrow morning the Blues will march away, and you can go wherever you please.”

The Marquis studied the man.

“And you wish to save me?”

“Yes.”

20 “Why?”

“Because I said: ‘There is another poorer than I. I have the right to breathe, he has not.’”

“But do you know that a price has been put on my head?”

25 “Yes.”

“How did you know?”

“I read the placard.”

“Then, since you have read the placard, you know that the man who betrays me will win sixty thousand francs.”

“I know it.”

“Do you know that sixty thousand francs is a fortune?”

“Yes.”

“And that the one who will deliver me up will make 5 his fortune?”

“That is just what I thought. When I saw you I said to myself: ‘Only think of it, the one who betrays this very man will win sixty thousand francs and make his fortune! Let us hasten to conceal him.’” 10

The Marquis followed the poor man. They entered a thicket. Here was the beggar’s den. It was a sort of room that a grand old oak had let this man have in its heart. It was hollowed out under its roots and covered with its branches. 15

They stooped, crept along a little way, entered the room cut up into odd compartments by the great tree-roots, and sat down on a heap of seaweed, which served as a bed. The space between two roots, where they entered, and which served as a doorway, let in 20 some light. A reflection from the moon threw a dim light over the entrance. In a corner there was a jug of water, a loaf of buckwheat bread, and some chestnuts.

They shared the chestnuts; the Marquis added his 25 piece of biscuit; they bit the same loaf of buckwheat and drank from the jug one after the other.

“You belong to this country?” asked the Marquis.

“I have never been out of it.”

“Have I ever met you before?”

“Often, for I am your own beggar. I was the poor man at the foot of the road to your castle. You used to give me alms. I held out my hand, you saw the hand
5 only, and you dropped in it the alms which I needed in the morning to keep me from dying of hunger at night. Sometimes a sou saved my life. I owe you my life. I pay the debt.”

His voice grew serious. “On one condition.”

10 “What is that?”

“That you do not come here to work evil.”

“I come here to do good,” said the Marquis.

“Let us sleep,” said the beggar.

They lay down side by side on the bed of seaweed.
15 The beggar fell asleep immediately. The Marquis, although very tired, remained absorbed in thought for a time, then he looked at the poor man in the darkness and lay down again. Lying on this pallet was like lying on the ground; he took advantage of it to put
20 his ear to the earth and listen. There was a dull humming underground; he heard the noise of the bells.

The tocsin was still sounding.

The Marquis fell asleep.

When he awoke it was day.

25 Tellmarch, the beggar, was outside near the entrance. He was leaning on his stick. The sun shone on his face.

“Monseigneur,” said Tellmarch, “it has just struck four from the belfry of Tanis. I heard the four strokes.

So the wind has changed, it is blowing offshore ; I hear no other sound, so the tocsin has ceased. Everything is quiet at the farm and in the hamlet. The worst of the danger is over ; it will be wise for us to separate. It is my hour for setting out.” 5

He indicated a point on the horizon.

“ I am going that way.”

He pointed in the opposite direction.

“ You must go this way.”

The beggar saluted the Marquis solemnly. 10

A moment later he had disappeared among the trees.

The Marquis rose and went in the direction Tellmarch had pointed out to him.

It was the charming morning hour, called in the old Norman peasant tongue “ the song sparrow of the day.” 15 The finches and hedge sparrows were chirping. The Marquis followed the path by which they had come the night before.

At the foot of the crossroad where he was stealing along, he could see only the roofs of the farms which 20 lay to the left. He was skirting a steep height. At the foot of the height the view was abruptly lost in the trees. The foliage seemed bathed in light. All nature was filled with the deep joy of the morning.

Suddenly the landscape became terrible. It was like 25 the bursting forth of an ambushade. A strange deluge of wild cries and gunshots fell over the fields and woods full of sunlight, and in the direction of the farm a great smoke pierced by bright flames arose, as if the

hamlet and the farm were nothing but a bundle of burning straw. It was sudden and fearful, an abrupt change from peace to madness, a horror without warning. The Marquis stopped.

5 There is no one who, under similar circumstances, would not have felt that curiosity is stronger than danger; one must know, if he has to die in consequence. He climbed up the height, at the foot of which passed the hollow path. From there he could
10 see, but he might also be seen. He looked about him.

To be sure, there was firing and a fire. The noise could be heard, the fire could be seen. The farm was the center of some terrible calamity. What was it?
15 Was the farm attacked? And by whom? Was it a battle? The Blues, as they had been ordered, very often punished refractory farms and villages by setting them on fire; to make an example of them they burned every farm and every hamlet which had not felled the
20 trees prescribed by law, and which had not opened passages through the thickets for the republican cavalry. It was evident that none of the openings ordered by the decree had been made in the thickets and hedges of Tanis. Was this the punishment?

25 While the Marquis, hesitating to go down, hesitating to remain, was listening and watching, this din ceased. The Marquis was aware of something in the thicket like the scattering of a wild and joyous troop. There was a frightful swarming under the trees. They were

rushing from the farm into the woods. Drums were beating. No more firing was heard. They seemed to be hunting about, pursuing, tracking; it was evident that they were in search of some one; the noise was scattered and deep; it was a medley of words of anger 5 and of triumph, a clamorous uproar; suddenly, as an outline becomes visible in a cloud of smoke, something became articulate and distinct in this tumult. It was a name — a name repeated by a thousand voices, and the Marquis heard clearly this cry: — 10

— “Lantenac! Lantenac! the Marquis de Lantenac!”

It was he for whom they were hunting.

Suddenly, all around him and on every side at once, the thicket was filled with guns, bayonets, and swords, a tricolored flag arose in the shade, the cry of “Lante- 15 nac!” burst on his ear, and at his feet through the brambles and branches passionate faces appeared.

The Marquis was alone, standing on a summit which could be seen from every point of the wood. He could scarcely see those who were crying his name, but he 20 was seen by all. If there were a thousand guns in the woods, he was a target for them. He could distinguish nothing in the thicket but eager eyes fixed upon him.

He took off his hat, turned up the rim, broke a long, 25 dry thorn from a furze bush, drew a white cockade from his pocket, fastened the brim and the cockade back to the crown of the hat with the thorn, and putting the hat on his head again, so that the raised rim showed

his forehead and his cockade, he said in a loud voice, speaking to the whole forest at once:—

“I am the man you are seeking. I am the Marquis de Lantenac, Prince of Brittany, Lieutenant-General of
5 the armies of the king. Make an end of it. Aim! Fire!”

And, tearing open his goatskin vest, he bared his naked breast.

He looked down, expecting to meet loaded guns, and
10 saw himself surrounded with kneeling men.

A great shout arose: “Long live Lantenac! Long live the general!”

At the same time hats were thrown in the air, swords flourished joyfully, and throughout the whole thicket
15 sticks were seen rising, on whose points whirled brown woolen caps.

He was surrounded by a Vendean band. This troop fell on their knees when they saw him.

All these eyes, full of a terrible fire, were fixed on
20 the Marquis with a sort of savage love.

A young, noble-looking man made his way through the kneeling soldiers, and with long strides went up towards the Marquis. Like the peasants, he wore a felt hat with turned-up rim and a white cockade, and
25 was wrapped in a fur jacket, but his hands were white and his linen fine, and he wore over his vest a white silk scarf, from which hung a sword with a gold hilt.

When he reached the height he threw down his hat,

unfastened his scarf, knelt on one knee, and presented scarf and sword to the Marquis, saying:—

“We were searching for you, and we have found you. Accept the sword of command. These men are now yours. I was their commander; I am promoted to a higher rank, for I become your soldier. Accept our homage, my lord. General, give me your orders.”

From “Ninety-Three.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston on the 25th of May, 1803. His father, William Emerson, was a minister. The parsonage was on Summer Street, where at that time were many pretty homes with gardens.

5 Mr. Emerson took great interest in the education of his children, and Ralph was sent to a private school

before he was three years old. His father died during his early boyhood, and his mother worked hard to support and educate her five sons.



The boys were very fond of their books and were manly and helpful, doing all they could for their mother. Their aunt, Mary Emerson, lived with them, and she guided their

20 choice of reading and led them to think. "Lift your aims"; "Always do what you are afraid to do"; "Scorn trifles" were the maxims which she gave to her nephews.

Ralph entered the Latin School when he was ten
25 years old, remaining there until he entered college. His books were his chief source of happiness, and the scenes in them were so real to him and his brothers that when

they visited their grandmother at Concord, they imagined in their play that the barns, garret, or woods were battlefields or mountain-tops.

Many were the poems which they could repeat, and a clerk in one of the Concord stores used to stand little 5 Ralph on a barrel so that he might entertain the customers with his recitations.

Each of the boys was fitted for college, and helped pay his own expenses by teaching and acting as usher or waiter. Ralph entered Harvard College when he was 10 but fourteen. He occupied a room at the President's house, and paid for it by carrying official messages. He won five dollars at the prize declamations and sent the money home, hoping that it would enable his mother to purchase a new shawl, but it was needed to pay a 15 debt.

Ralph was graduated when he was eighteen, and was chosen class poet. He and his brother William, two years his senior, opened a school for young ladies in Mrs. Emerson's house. It was fairly successful, but as 20 soon as they were well established, William went to Germany and left Ralph in charge. He taught during more than a year, and then entered the Divinity School at Harvard College.

Within a month his health failed, and he was obliged 25 to give up his studies. He went to visit an uncle at Newton, spending much of his time out of doors. The next fall he went to Chelmsford to teach in the Academy. He remained there three months, and then left on account

of ill-health. In the spring he took a school at Cambridge, in order to be where he might gain some benefit from the Divinity School, and in October of this year, 1826, he was "approbated to preach."

5 His health, however, had so failed that his physician ordered him to go south. He traveled as far as St. Augustine, and the next summer returned home, improved in health, but not fully recovered.

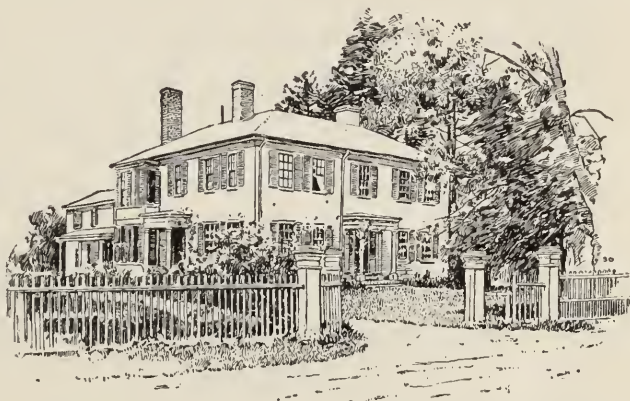
He was married, soon after his return, to Ellen
10 Tucker, a very beautiful young lady, but of delicate health. She died a year and a half after her marriage.

Mr. Emerson was for a time the pastor of a church in Boston. He then sailed for Europe, desiring to see the ancient cities and to make the acquaintance of
15 some of the men whose works had influenced him, among them being Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle. He found the latter among the lonely hills of Nithsdale, and the two philosophers formed a friendship which lasted throughout their lives.

20 On Emerson's return to this country he engaged in lecturing, and preached at Plymouth during that winter. There he met Lydia Jackson, to whom he was married the following September. Mr. Emerson took his bride to their new home in Concord, where he lived the rest
25 of his life, and which is still occupied by the family. He spent much of his time out of doors; and the grove near by, rather than his library, was used by him as a study. He believed that his thoughts were clearer and truer in this solitude, with only the winds and the voices

of birds to distract him. He found inspiration in the stars at night and even braved the wind storms, reveling in their grandeur.

Friends gathered in Concord, among them Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott, and the Curtis boys, while near by were Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell. Their society afforded him much pleasure. Emerson was also a favorite among the village farmers, and the little children loved him dearly.



EMERSON'S HOME AT CONCORD, MASS.

Much of his time was spent in lecturing. He received but little from his books of "Essays," "Poems," "Representative Men," and other works until the latter years of his life. In his seventieth year he went abroad for the third time, revisiting his old friend Carlyle. On his return to Concord the whole village welcomed him, and his friends and neighbors accompanied him to his home, under a triumphal arch.

His last few years were quiet and peaceful. He died on the 27th of April, 1882, and was buried under a great pine tree in Sleepy Hollow cemetery.

EACH AND ALL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hilltop looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one —
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.

I wiped away the weeds and foam —
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

Then I said: "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth." —
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard
 The rolling river, the morning bird; —
 Beauty through my senses stole —
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

EYES.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MAN cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia a late traveler found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unaided eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have
 5 a longer sight, besides the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The outdoor life
 10 and hunting and labor give equal vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and leveled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams
 15 of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain,
 20 Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind, which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," says Michael Angelo, "must have his measuring tools, not in the hand, but in the eye"; and there is no end to
 25 the catalogue of its performances.

Eyes are bold as lions — roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; . . . ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, . . . but intrude, and come 5 again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. . . . The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest 10 part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. . . . 15

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. 20 If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. 25 Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a com-

pany in which it may easily happen he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life
 5 has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep — wells that a man may fall into ; others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out
 10 the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways, and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them. . . . There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes ; and eyes full of fate — some of good and some of sinister omen. The
 15 alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye.

From the Essay on " Behavior."

THE PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And 5 not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple, and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed 10 with it on every side.

Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in 15 the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely 20 and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition of life from which it should be excluded.

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE was born at Havre, France, in 1737.

He was very fond of nature, books, and animals, but cared little for other companionship. At twelve years of age he became absorbed in the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe." To please the boy his parents allowed him to take a sea voyage with his uncle.

On his return he studied at Caen, where he made great progress. He completed his studies at Rome, and soon after was granted a commission as an engineer. He was then sent to Dusseldorf, and might have attained honor and a fortune, but he had a faulty temper and was unwilling to obey orders, so that in spite of his bravery and talents he was sent back to France.

After years of changes and trouble he went to Paris and devoted himself to literature.

His "Paul and Virginia" is one of the most beautiful stories ever written, and has been translated into many languages. It is said that Napoleon slept with a copy of this book beneath his pillow during his Italian campaign, and Joseph Bonaparte awarded a pension of six thousand francs to the author.

St. Pierre was elected a member of the French Academy as a mark of honor, and his last years were happier than his youth had ever been. He died at the age of seventy-seven.

ONE Sunday, at daybreak, the children perceived a negro woman beneath the plantains which surrounded their habitation. She threw herself at the feet of Virginia and said: "My good young lady, have pity on a poor runaway slave. For a whole month I have wandered among these mountains, half dead with hun-

ger and often pursued by the hunters and their dogs. I fled from my master, a rich planter of the Black River, who has used me as you see"; and she showed her body marked with scars from the lashes she had received. She added: "I was going to drown myself, 5 but hearing you lived here, I said to myself: Since there are still some good white people in this country, I need not die yet."

Virginia answered with emotion: "Take courage, unfortunate creature! here is something to eat"; and 10 she gave her the breakfast she had been preparing, which the slave in a few minutes devoured. When her hunger was appeased, Virginia said to her: "Poor woman! I should like to go and ask forgiveness for you of your master. Surely the sight of you will 15 touch him with pity. Will you show me the way?"

"Angel of heaven!" answered the poor negro woman, "I will follow you where you please!" Virginia called her brother and begged him to accompany her. The slave led the way, by winding and difficult paths, until, 20 about the middle of the day, they reached the borders of the Black River. There they perceived a well-built house, surrounded by extensive plantations, and a number of slaves employed in their various labors. Their master was walking among them with a pipe in his 25 mouth and a switch in his hand. Virginia, holding Paul by the hand, drew near, and with much emotion begged him, for the love of God, to pardon his poor slave, who stood trembling a few paces behind.

The planter at first paid little attention to the children, but when he observed the elegance of Virginia's form and the profusion of her beautiful light tresses which had escaped from beneath her blue cap; when
 5 he heard the soft tone of her voice which trembled, as well as her whole frame, while she implored his compassion, — he took his pipe from his mouth, and, lifting up his stick, said that he pardoned his slave, for the love of her who asked his forgiveness. Vir-
 10 ginia made a sign to the slave to approach her master, and instantly sprang away, followed by Paul.

They climbed up the steep they had descended, and, having gained the summit, seated themselves at the foot of a tree, overcome with fatigue, hunger, and thirst.
 15 Paul said to Virginia: "My dear sister, it is past noon, and I am sure you are thirsty and hungry; we shall find no dinner here; let us go down the mountain again and ask the master of the poor slave for some food." — "Oh, no," answered Virginia, "he frightens
 20 me too much. Remember what mamma sometimes says, 'The bread of the wicked is like stones in the mouth.' God will take care of us; he listens to the cry even of the little birds when they ask him for food."

25 Scarcely had she pronounced these words when they heard the noise of water falling from a neighboring rock. They ran thither, and having quenched their thirst at this crystal spring, they gathered and ate a few cresses which grew on the border of the stream.

Soon afterwards, while they were wandering backwards and forwards in search of more solid nourishment, Virginia perceived in the thickest part of the forest a young palm tree. The kind of cabbage which is found at the top of the palm, enfolded within its leaves, is 5 well adapted for food; but although the stock of the tree is not thicker than a man's leg, it grows to above sixty feet in height. The wood of the tree, indeed, is composed only of very fine filaments; but the bark is so hard that it turns the edge of the hatchet, and Paul 10 was not furnished even with a knife.

At length he thought of setting fire to the palm tree, but a new difficulty occurred; he had no steel with which to strike fire; and although the whole island is covered with rocks, I do not believe it is possible to 15 find a single flint. Paul determined to kindle a fire after the manner of the negroes. With the sharp end of a stone he made a small hole in the branch of a tree that was quite dry, and which he held between his feet; he then, with the edge of the same stone, brought 20 to a point another dry branch of a different sort of wood, placing the piece of pointed wood in the small hole of the branch which he held with his feet and turning it rapidly between his hands. In a few minutes smoke and sparks of fire issued from the point of 25 contact. Paul then heaped together dried grass and branches, and set fire to the foot of the palm tree, which soon fell to the ground with a tremendous crash. Having thus succeeded in obtaining this

fruit, they ate part of it raw, and part dressed upon the ashes.

After dinner they were much embarrassed by the recollection that they had now no guide, and that they
 5 were ignorant of the way. Paul, whose spirit was not subdued by difficulties, said to Virginia: "The sun shines full upon our huts at noon; we must pass, as we did this morning, over that mountain, with its three points, which you see yonder. Come, let us be mov-
 10 ing." They then descended the steep bank of the Black River on the northern side, and arrived, after an hour's walk, on the banks of a large river, which stopped their further progress.

The stream, on the banks of which Paul and Virginia
 15 were now standing, rolled foaming over a bed of rocks. The noise of the water frightened Virginia, and she was afraid to wade through the current. Paul therefore took her up in his arms and went thus loaded over the slippery rocks, which formed the bed of the river,
 20 careless of the tumultuous noise of its waters. "Do not be afraid," cried he to Virginia; "I feel very strong with you. If that planter at the Black River had refused you the pardon of his slave, I would have fought with him." — "What!" answered Virginia,
 25 "with that great wicked man? To what have I exposed you! Dear me! how difficult it is to do good! and yet it is so easy to do wrong."

When Paul had crossed the river he wished to continue the journey carrying his sister, but his strength

soon failed, and he was obliged to set down his burden and to rest himself by her side. Virginia then said to him: "My dear brother, the sun is going down; you have still some strength left, but mine has quite failed; do leave me here and return home alone to ease the 5 fears of our mothers." — "Oh, no," said Paul, "I will not leave you; if night overtakes us in this wood, I will light a fire and bring down another palm tree; you shall eat the cabbage, and I will form a covering of the leaves to shelter you." 10

In the mean time Virginia being a little rested, she gathered from the trunk of an old tree, which overhung the bank of the river, some long leaves of the plant called hart's-tongue, which grew near its root. Of these leaves she made a sort of buskin, with which she 15 covered her feet which were bleeding from the sharpness of the stony paths; for in her eager desire to do good she had forgotten to put on her shoes. Feeling her feet cooled by the freshness of the leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo and continued her walk, 20 leaning with one hand on the staff, and with the other on Paul.

They walked slowly through the woods; but from the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the mountain by which 25 they had hitherto directed their course, and also of the sun, which was now setting. At length they wandered from the beaten path in which they had hitherto walked, and found themselves in a labyrinth of trees,

underwood, and rocks, whence there appeared to be no outlet.

Paul made Virginia sit down, while he ran backwards and forwards, half frantic, in search of a path
 5 which might lead them out of this thick wood ; but he fatigued himself to no purpose. He then climbed to the top of a lofty tree, whence he hoped at least to perceive the mountain ; but he could discern nothing around him but the tops of trees, some of which were
 10 gilded with the last beams of the setting sun. The most profound silence reigned in those awful solitudes, which was only interrupted by the cry of the deer which came to their lairs in that unfrequented spot. Paul, in the hope that some hunter would hear his voice,
 15 called out as loud as he was able : “ Come, come to the help of Virginia ! ” But the echoes of the forest alone answered his call, and repeated again and again, “ Virginia — Virginia ! ”

Paul at length descended from the tree, overcome by
 20 fatigue and vexation. He looked around in order to make some arrangement for passing the night in that desert ; but he could find neither fountain, nor palm tree, nor even a branch of dry wood fit for kindling a fire. He was then impressed, by experience, with the
 25 sense of his own weakness and began to weep. Virginia said to him : “ Do not weep, my dear brother, or I shall be overwhelmed with grief. I am the cause of all your sorrow and of all that our mothers are suffering at this moment. I find we ought to do nothing,

not even good, without consulting our parents. Oh, I have been very imprudent!" — and she began to shed tears. "Let us pray to God, my dear brother," she again said, "and he will hear us." They had scarcely finished their prayer when they heard the barking of 5 a dog. "It must be the dog of some hunter," said Paul, "who comes here at night, to lie in wait for the deer." Soon after, the dog began barking again with increased violence.

"Surely," said Virginia, "it is Fidele, our own dog. 10 Yes; now I know his bark." A moment after Fidele was at their feet, barking, howling, moaning, and devouring them with caresses. Before they could recover from their surprise, they saw Domingo running towards them. At the sight of the good old negro 15 who wept for joy, they began to weep too.

When Domingo had recovered himself a little, "Oh, my dear children," said he, "how miserable have you made your mothers! How astonished they were when they returned, on not finding you at home! I ran back- 20 wards and forwards in the plantation, not knowing where to look for you. At last I took some of your old clothes, and showing them to Fidele, the poor animal, as if he understood me, immediately began to scent your path, and conducted me, wagging his tail all the while, to 25 the Black River.

"I there saw a planter who told me you had brought back a Maroon negro woman, his slave, and that he had pardoned her at your request. After that, Fidele,

still on the scent, led me up the steep bank of the Black River, where he again stopped and barked with all his might. At last he led me to this very spot. We are now at the foot of the mountain and still four
5 good leagues from home. Come, eat and recover your strength."

Domingo then presented them with a cake, some fruit, and a large gourd full of beverage. But when they prepared to continue their journey a new difficulty
10 occurred; Paul and Virginia could no longer walk, their feet being swollen and inflamed. Domingo knew not what to do; whether to leave them and go in search of help, or remain and pass the night with them on that spot. "There was a time," said he, "when I
15 could carry you both together in my arms! But now you are grown big, and I am old."

While he was in this perplexity, a troop of Maroon negroes appeared at a short distance from them. The chief of the band, approaching Paul and Virginia, said
20 to them: "Good little white people, do not be afraid. We saw you pass this morning with a negro woman of the Black River. You went to ask pardon for her of her wicked master; and we, in return for this, will carry you home upon our shoulders." He then made
25 a sign, and four of the strongest negroes immediately formed a sort of litter with the branches of trees and lianas, and having seated Paul and Virginia on it, carried them upon their shoulders. Domingo marched in front with his lighted torch, and they proceeded amidst

the rejoicings of the whole troop, who overwhelmed them with their benedictions.

It was midnight when they arrived at the foot of their mountain, on the ridges of which several fires were lighted. As soon as they began to ascend, they 5 heard voices exclaiming: "Is it you, my children?" They answered immediately, and the negroes also: "Yes, yes, it is." A moment after they could distinguish their mothers coming towards them with lighted torches in their hands. "Unhappy children!" cried 10 Madame de la Tour, "where have you been? what agonies you have made us suffer!" — "We have been," said Virginia, "to the Black River, where we went to ask pardon for a poor Maroon slave, to whom I gave our breakfast this morning, because she seemed dying 15 of hunger; and these Maroon negroes have brought us home." Madame de la Tour embraced her daughter, without being able to speak; and Virginia, who felt her face wet with her mother's tears, exclaimed: "Now I am repaid for all the hardships I have suffered." Mar- 20 garet, in a transport of delight, pressed Paul in her arms, exclaiming: "And you also, my dear child, you have done a good action." When they reached the cottages with their children, they entertained all the negroes with a plentiful repast, after which the latter returned to the 25 woods praying Heaven to shower down every description of blessing on those good white people.

From "Paul and Virginia."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in 1728, in a little Irish hamlet called Pallas. His father was a clergyman, who found it hard to provide for his large family of eight children. When Oliver was two years old, his father



was offered a place as curate at Lissoy, and the family moved to a large house near that village.

A servant, named Elizabeth Delop, taught the alphabet to little Oliver, and he was afterwards sent to the village school. His teacher was an old quartermaster named Thomas

Byrne, who used to shoulder a crutch and show the boys “how fields were won.” He told the children Irish folk-stories and wild legends and sang them many a song.

While at this school, Oliver was taken ill with
 25 smallpox, and was sent, on recovering, to the Griffin school at Roscommon. The pale-faced little fellow learned very slowly and was looked upon as a dunce.

The boys laughed at him and imposed upon him, although they all regarded him as kind-hearted and affectionate.

Oliver was no dunce, though he seemed so stupid and awkward. After he became famous, these very 5 playmates remembered bright answers he had given when they had roused him beyond endurance. While attending school at Roscommon, Oliver stayed with his Uncle John. A country dance was once given at the house. The gay music led Oliver to forget his shyness, 10 and he began to dance the hornpipe. The fiddler laughed and called him "Ugly Æsop." Oliver quickly turned to him and said : —

"Heralds, proclaim aloud ! all saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

15

In spite of these flashes of wit, his playmates continued to laugh at him and cheat him into buying their worthless toys, and he was thought to be the dullest boy in the village.

At the age of eleven he was sent to a school at Athlone, 20 about five miles away, and two years later attended a school at Edgeworthstown. The master, Rev. Patrick Hughes, took an interest in the lad, and was the only teacher who recognized his good qualities.

The story is told that Oliver was returning to school 25 after a holiday, riding a horse and carrying a guinea in his pocket. He loitered along the way, enjoying the scenes, and at nightfall found himself several miles from school.

The guinea gave him such a sense of wealth that he inquired the way to the best house in the village, meaning the best inn. The man of whom he inquired was amused at the boy's importance, and directed him to the
 5 home of Squire Featherstone. Oliver rang at the gate, gave his orders to the servant, and called for a supper and the best room in the house. The squire, seeing his mistake, carried on the joke, and it was not until Oliver produced the guinea to settle his account that
 10 he learned the truth.

He afterwards wrote a play, which has such an incident for its foundation.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went to Trinity College, Dublin, entering as a "sizar," a name given to
 15 those students who were educated at little expense but were obliged to act as servants. He swept the courts and waited on the table. He had a room in a garret, and after he became famous it was found that he had scrawled his name upon one of the windows.

20 The unhappy sizar little thought that some day this pane of glass would be given a place of honor in the College Library.

Poor Oliver led an unhappy life. He cared little for study and had a brutal tutor. A year and a half after
 25 he entered college his father died and he was in want.

Music afforded him his only delight, and he loved to play upon his flute and sing. He wrote street ballads to keep himself from starving and sold them for five shillings apiece. The happiest hours he spent

were those when he crept out after dark to listen to the singing of these ballads by the street beggars.

He was so kind-hearted that he seldom reached home with the whole of his five shillings. Each beggar's cry would touch his tender heart, and he often robbed himself of his clothing that he might cover some shivering form. 5

When he was twenty-one, Goldsmith received the degree of Bachelor of Arts and returned to his home. There he spent a happy period of two years, helping 10 his brother, who taught the village school, and assisting his widowed mother.

After trying a number of professions without success, Goldsmith decided to emigrate to America. He started with thirty pounds and mounted on a good horse. In 15 six weeks he returned, riding a forlorn-looking beast. He said that he had reached a seaport and paid his passage to America, but that the winds were unfavorable, and while waiting he had taken a little trip into the country. During his absence a fair wind had arisen 20 and the ship had sailed without him.

Goldsmith then decided to study law. Mr. Contarine, an uncle, lent him fifty pounds, and he set out for London. Stopping at Dublin, he met an old schoolmate who persuaded him to try his luck at doubling his 25 money at a card table, and he lost it all.

Mr. Contarine did not entirely lose faith in his wayward nephew, and, learning that he had some taste for chemistry, gave him the means to start the study of

medicine. Goldsmith went to Edinburgh and spent eighteen months there. He then continued his medical studies at Leyden. He left Leyden in his twenty-seventh year. The day before his departure he had seen
 5 some rare plants in a florist's window. Remembering that his uncle had expressed a desire for these varieties, he purchased them with the little money he had and sent them to Ireland.

The next year was spent in journeying on foot
 10 through Flanders, France, and Switzerland. He had little or no money, and slept in barns and even under hedges. When he came to a convent or a monastery, he found shelter for the night; and his flute often earned him a supper and a lodging, for the peasants,
 15 as well as the little children, enjoyed and rewarded him for the merry strains which set them to dancing.

The wanderer landed at Dover, friendless and penniless. He turned strolling player, but his face and figure were not received with favor. He reached Lon-
 20 don, but led a hard life there. Unable to find suitable employment, he pounded drugs and ran errands for a chemist, served as usher in a school, and was even reduced to a life among the beggars.

His medical education was of little use to him. He
 25 tried to open a practice in London, but had few patients, and while at their bedsides was obliged to hold his hat over his coat to hide the worn places.

Goldsmith now began to toil with his pen, lodging in a garret at the top of a flight of stairs called "Break-

neck Steps." In this wretched abode, he wrote many articles for magazines and newspapers, essays, and poems, as were called for by the bookseller who employed him. His style was pure and graceful, and his humor happy. There was beauty in all that he wrote, and he gradually 5



DR. JOHNSON READING "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

grew in favor. He made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, one of the greatest English writers; Reynolds, a famous English painter; and Edmund Burke, a distinguished orator.

Goldsmith left the garret at the top of "Breakneck 10 Steps" and took rooms in a better locality; but he was constantly in debt. At one time he was arrested for not paying his rent, and he appealed to Johnson

for help. The good doctor sent him a guinea and soon followed the messenger. He found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, bought a bottle of wine, and was upbraiding the landlady. Dr. Johnson put the cork
5 into the bottle, and told Goldsmith to think of some way out of his difficulty.

Goldsmith told him that he had a novel all ready for the press. Johnson read it, saw that it was good, and carrying it to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds.
10 The debt was paid and the sheriff's officer withdrew. The novel that acted as rescuer was "The Vicar of Wakefield." Before it was published, however, "The Traveler" appeared. This poem, which was the first work to which Goldsmith had signed his name, received
15 highest praise from the critics.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" was published when Goldsmith was thirty-eight years of age. Few books have been more popular. The story sparkles with wit, and the fresh home life appeals to every one.

20 "The Deserted Village," a picture of simple, village life, was published four years later. Even Goldsmith's enemies had nothing to say to the praise which greeted this poem.

He wrote a play called "She Stoops to Conquer,"
25 and after some difficulty found a manager who was willing to put it upon the stage. It was received with enthusiasm, and is still popular.

The last years of his life were attended with success, but his extravagant way of living, and readiness to

respond to the call of every needy person, kept him always in debt.

Goldsmith died in 1774, in his forty-sixth year. His grave has been forgotten, but he has been honored with a monument in Westminster Abbey, bearing an inscription written by his friend, Dr. Johnson. †

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

[ABRIDGED.]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. 10

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. “No, my dear,” said she, 15
“our son Moses is a discreet boy and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets 20
a bargain.”

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, trimming his hair, brush-
 5 ing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and
 10 lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad, black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck!
 15 good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

20 Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries
 25 they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters

assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that 5 came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them and give them by little at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, 10 snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was unusually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by.

I wondered what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. “Never mind 15 our son,” cried my wife; “depend upon it he knows what he is about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at 20 his back.”

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. “Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from 25 the fair?” — “I have brought you myself,” cried Moses with a sly look and resting the box on the dresser. — “Ah, Moses,” cried my wife, “that we know, but where is the horse?” — “I have sold him,” cried

Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."
 — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew
 you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three
 pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's
 5 work. Come, let us have it, then." — "I have brought
 back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it
 all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bun-
 dle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green
 spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases." —
 10 "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a
 faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and
 brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry, green
 spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why
 won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bar-
 15 gain or I should not have bought them. The silver
 rims alone will sell for double the money." — "A fig
 for the silver rims!" cried my wife. "I dare say they
 won't sell for above half the money at the rate of
 broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need
 20 be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the
 rims. They are not worth sixpence, for I perceive
 they are only copper varnished over." — "What!"
 cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" —
 "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."
 25 — "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the
 colt, and have only a gross of green spectacles with
 copper rims and shagreen cases! The blockhead has
 been imposed upon, and should have known his com-
 pany better." — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are

wrong; he should not have known them at all.” —
 “The idiot!” returned she, “to bring me such stuff!
 If I had them I would throw them into the fire.” —
 “There again you are wrong, my dear,” said I, “for
 though they be copper we will keep them by us, as 5
 copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.”

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived.
 He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon
 by a prowling sharper, who had marked him for an
 easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of 10
 his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked
 the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man
 brought him to a tent under pretense of having one to
 sell. “Here,” continued Moses, “we met another man,
 very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds 15
 upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would
 dispose of them for a third of the value. The first
 gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered
 to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good
 an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they 20
 talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last
 we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.”

From “The Vicar of Wakefield.”

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sōber herd that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled, —
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder cōpse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side:
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

From "The Deserted Village."

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born at Providence, R. I., on the 24th of February, 1824. He received his early education at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Curtis family went to New York City when George was fifteen years old, and he spent a year in the counting office of a merchant. 5

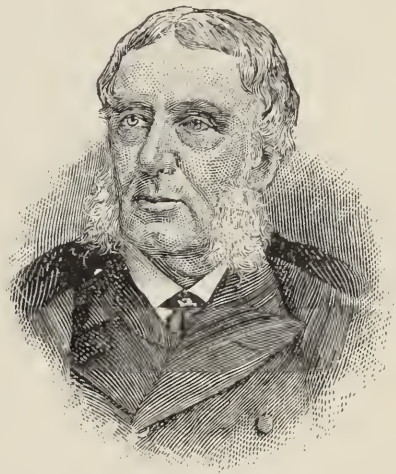
Three years later George and his brother went to Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, Mass., where some literary men had formed a community. They spent two years there, studying, and enjoying the outdoor life.

After a winter at home they went to Concord, working on a farm half the day, and spending the remaining hours in study. Mr. Curtis recalled that season in these words:—

“The soft, sunny spring in the silent Concord meadows, where I sat in the great, cool barn through the long, still, golden afternoons and read the history of Rome.”

He had already become acquainted with Mr. Emerson, and became a member of a club where he met Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Alcott. It was at this time that Thoreau built his hut, and the Curtis brothers helped to raise it.

Mr. Curtis sailed for Europe in 1846, and spent four years in traveling about Italy, France, Germany, and Palestine. On his return his first book, “Nile Notes of a Howadji,” was published, and he began to deliver lectures. He became connected with the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, and also wrote for 30 the “New York Tribune” and “Putnam’s Monthly.” In this



last-named magazine appeared his "Potiphar Papers" and "Prue and I." They were afterward published in book form and met with success. The charm of the latter book is as fresh to-day as when it was first written.

5 For many years, Curtis held the position of editor of "Harper's Weekly," and was engaged in writing and lecturing until his death in August, 1892.

I AM the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the west, but the greater part are in Spain. You
10 may see my western possessions any evening at sunset, when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes at least,
15 from any part of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a supercargo), if I fell homesick, or sank into a rever-
ery of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had
20 but to wait until sunset, and then looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers, brightly burnished, as if to salute and welcome me.

So, in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-
25 time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty, I go quietly up to the house-top, toward evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates. And if I sometimes wonder at such moments whether I shall find those realms as fair as they appear, I am
30 suddenly reminded that the night air may be noxious,

and, descending, I enter the little parlor where my wife, Prue, sits stitching, and surprise that precious woman by exclaiming with the poet's enthusiasm:

"Thought would destroy their Paradise
No more; — where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

5

Columbus also had possessions in the west; and as I read aloud the romantic story of his life, my voice quivers when I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odors of the land mingled with the sea air, 10 as the admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous promises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps with blossoms not all decayed, floated out to welcome the strange wood from 15 which the craft was hollowed. Then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions I have seen before I have even undertaken the journey to the west, and I cry aloud to Prue:—

"What sun-bright birds and gorgeous blossoms and 20 celestial odors will float out to us, my Prue, as we approach our western possessions!"

The placid Prue raises her eyes to mine with a reproof so delicate that it could not be trusted to words; and after a moment she resumes her knitting 25 and I proceed.

These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and

my castles are all of perfect proportions and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travelers to that country. The wisest
 5 of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather
 10 that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. And after I heard this said, I verified it by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

One day, as I raised my head from entering some
 15 long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance sheet, I observed my subordinate in office, but not in years (for the poor old clerk will never see sixty again!) leaning on his hand,
 20 and much abstracted.

“Are you not well?” asked I.

“Perfectly, but I was just building a castle in Spain,” said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad
 25 eye, and white hair for a moment in great surprise, and then inquired:—

“Is it possible that you own property there too?”

He shook his head silently; and still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye as if he were

looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans: laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber. 5

“What a singular whim!” thought I as I watched him and filled up a check for four hundred dollars, my quarterly salary, “that a man who owns castles in Spain should be a bookkeeper at nine hundred dollars a year!” 10

.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, — a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which 15 no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains and beautiful valleys and soft landscape that I have not yet seen are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the pros- 20 pect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy. The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of 25 flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travelers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the
 5 poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. In the long, summer mornings the children that I never had, play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices
 10 sounding low and far away, calling, "Father! father!" I see the lost, fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden;
 15 but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawny slopes on which, when a child, I played in my father's old country place, which was sold
 20 when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded, nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years among the trees I remember.

25 Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now, but those with which I used to prick my fingers when gathering them in New Hampshire woods are exquisite as ever to my taste when I think of eating them in Spain. I never ride horseback now at home; but in

Spain, when I think of it, I bound over all the fences in the country, bareback upon the wildest horses.

Yes; and in those castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid helpmate with whom you are acquainted, but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and 5 her movement a grace which my Spanish swans emulate, and her voice a music sweeter than orchestras discourse. She is always there what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her many and many years ago.

So, when I meditate my Spanish castles, I see Prue 10 in them as my heart saw her standing by her father's door. "Age cannot wither her." There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes Time. He glides by unnoticed and unnoticing. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; 15 I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile flowing through my domain; but I would resign all 20 these forever rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day.

From "Prue and I."

By permission of HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THREE HEROINES.

AGNES REPPLIER.

To Spain belongs Augustina, the Maid of Saragossa ;
to England, brave Mary Ambree ; and to America,
Molly Pitcher, the stout-hearted heroine of Monmouth ;
and these three women won for themselves honor and
5 renown by the same valorous exploits.

Augustina is the most to be envied, for her praises
have been sung by a great poet ; Mary Ambree has
a noble ballad to perpetuate her fame ; Molly Pitcher
is still without the tribute of a verse to remind her
10 countrymen occasionally of her splendid courage in
the field.

The Spanish girl was of humble birth, young, poor,
and very handsome. When Saragossa was besieged by
the French, during the Peninsular War, she carried
15 food every afternoon to the soldiers who were defend-
ing the batteries. One day the attack was so fierce,
and the fire so deadly, that by the gate of Portillo
not a single man was left alive to repulse the terrible
enemy.

20 When Augustina reached the spot with her basket
of coarse and scanty provisions, she saw the last gunner
fall bleeding on the walls. Not for an instant did she
hesitate ; but springing over a pile of dead bodies, she
snatched the match from his stiffening fingers and
25 fired the gun herself.

Then calling on her countrymen to rally their broken ranks, she led them back so unflinchingly to the charge that the French were driven from the gate they had so nearly captured, and the honor of Spain was saved. 5

For the story of Mary Ambree we must leave the chroniclers, who to their own loss and shame never mention her at all, and take refuge with the poets. From them we learn all we need to know ; and it is quickly told. 10

Her lover was slain treacherously in the war between Spain and Holland, the English being then allies of the Dutch ; and, vowing to avenge his death, she put on his armor and marched to the siege of Ghent, where she fought with reckless courage on its walls. 15

Fortune favors the brave, and wherever the maiden turned her arms the enemy was repulsed, until at last the Spanish soldiers vied with the English in admiration of this valorous foe. . . .

And now for Molly Pitcher, who, unsung and almost 20 unremembered, should nevertheless share in the honors heaped so liberally upon the English and Spanish heroines. “A red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman,” without beauty and without distinction, she was the newly wedded wife of an artilleryman in Washington’s 25 little army. On June 28, 1778, was fought the battle of Monmouth, famous for the admirable tactics by which Washington regained the advantages lost through the negligence of General Charles Lee.

It was a Sunday morning, close and sultry. As the day advanced, the soldiers on both sides suffered terribly from that fierce, unrelenting heat in which America rivals India. The thermometer stood at 96° in the
 5 shade. Men fell dead in their ranks without a wound, smitten by sunstroke; and the sight of them filled their comrades with dismay.

Molly Pitcher, regardless of everything save the anguish of the sweltering, thirsty troops, carried buckets
 10 of water from a neighboring spring and passed them along the line. Backward and forward she trudged, this strong, brave, patient young woman, while the sweat poured down her freckled face, and her bare arms blistered in the sun.

15 She was a long time in reaching her husband, — so many soldiers begged for drink as she toiled by, — but at last she saw him, parched, grimy, and spent with heat, and she quickened her lagging steps. Then suddenly a ball whizzed past, and he fell dead by the side
 20 of his gun before ever the coveted water had touched his blackened lips.

Molly dropped her bucket and for one dazed moment stood staring at the bleeding corpse. Only for a moment, for, amid the turmoil of battle, she heard the
 25 order given to drag her husband's cannon from the field.

The words roused her to life and purpose. She seized the rammer from the grass and hurried to the gunner's post. There was nothing strange in the work

to her. She was too well versed in the ways of war for either ignorance or alarm.

Strong, skilful, and fearless, she stood by the weapon and directed its deadly fire until the fall of Monckton turned the tide of victory. The British troops under 5 Clinton were beaten back after a desperate struggle, the Americans took possession of the field, and the battle of Monmouth was won.

On the following day poor Molly, no longer a furious Amazon, but sad-faced, with swollen eyes and a 10 scanty bit of crape pinned on her bosom, was presented to Washington, and received a sergeant's commission with half pay for life.

It is said that the French officers, then fighting for the freedom of the colonies, that is, against the English, 15 were so delighted with her courage that they added to this reward a cocked hat full of gold pieces, and christened her "La Capitaine."

What befell her in after years has never been told. She lived and died obscurely, and her name has well- 20 nigh been forgotten in the land she served. But the memory of brave deeds can never wholly perish, and Molly Pitcher has won for herself a niche in the Temple of Fame, where her companions are fair Mary Ambree and the dauntless Maid of Saragossa.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born in Ireland, June 28, 1844. He began life as a type-setter, and later went to England and became a reporter for various newspapers. Returning to Ireland, he joined the 10th Hussars, with the secret intention of spreading the Irish cause among the soldiers. His purpose was discovered, and he was sentenced to be shot. This sentence was commuted, and he was sent to the English prison colony in Australia. From there he escaped in an open boat and was picked up at sea by Captain Gifford of the American ship, "Gazelle," and brought to America. He wrote and lectured in this country, and became the editor of the "Boston Pilot."

Among his works are "Songs of the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," and "In Bohemia." He died in Hull, Mass., Aug. 10, 1890.

ENSIGN EPPS, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
That flowers and flames in height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer —
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell — his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scathless out of the strife
 He had carried his colors, safer than life.
 By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
 He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
 He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
 Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
 As proudly as if the fight had been won,
 And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
 Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
 Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
 And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
 Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
 He tied the colors his heart above,
 And plunged in his armor into the tide,
 And there, in his dress of honor, died.

.

Where are the lessons ye kinglings teach?
 And what is the text of your proud commanders?
 Out of the centuries, heroes reach
 With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
 Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
 Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

THE BATTLE OF LANDEN.

[ABRIDGED.]

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in England on the 25th of October, 1800.

He gave proof of a decided taste for literature when a little child. From the time he was three years old he spent the greater part of his time in reading, and liked to lie on a rug before the fire with his book before him. He was a quaint little fellow and talked in the language of the books which he read.



Before he was eight years old he had written a history and a romance. His early education was received in private schools, and he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, when he was eighteen years old. He enjoyed his college life, and succeeded in gaining a fellowship of three hundred pounds and a prize for an essay.

20 After his graduation he began to practice law in London, but had little business, and spent more time at the House of Commons than in the court.

When he was twenty-four he made a speech which surprised the audience by its eloquence and was praised in the "Edinburgh Review." The next year this magazine published an essay on Milton written by Macaulay, which made the young man famous.

25 He was invited to dinners and honored by the most distinguished persons in London. His gift as a brilliant and entertaining talker increased his popularity.

In 1830 he became a member of the House of Commons and distinguished himself by his eloquent speeches. He continued to contribute to the "Edinburgh Review," and took an active part in the question of slavery in India.

A few years later he was sent by the Government to India, 5 where his services proved of great value. One of his sisters accompanied him, and he remained there four years.

On his return he became a member of Parliament, and for two years was Secretary of War. His duties were light, and he engaged in literary work. He became deeply interested in writing 10 a history of England, and retired to private life in order to devote his time to this work. He worked slowly and carefully, sparing no pains in searching for material.

The first two volumes, published in 1849, had an enormous sale, both in England and America. Three more volumes were 15 completed seven years later. This history has been published in a dozen different languages, and Macaulay received many flattering marks of admiration and respect.

After resigning his seat in Parliament he went to Holly Lodge, Kensington. It was a delightful house, with a large library and 20 a garden. Macaulay was very happy there. On his return to Holly Lodge, after a trip through Germany and Italy, he writes: "My garden is really charming. The flowers are less brilliant than when I went away, but the turf is perfect emerald. All the countries through which I have been traveling could not show 25 such a carpet of soft, rich, green herbage as mine." He died on the 28th of December, 1859, and was buried in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey.

THOUGH the French army in the Netherlands had been weakened by the departure of forces, and though 30 the allied army was daily strengthened by the arrival of fresh troops, Luxembourg still had a superiority of force; and that superiority he increased by an adroit stratagem.

He marched towards Liege, and made as if he were about to form the siege of that city. William was uneasy, and the more uneasy because he knew there was a French party among the inhabitants. He quitted
 5 his position near Louvain, advanced to Nether Hespen, and encamped there, with the river Gette in his rear.

This was exactly what General Luxembourg had expected and desired. He turned his back on the fortress, which had hitherto seemed to be his object, and
 10 hastened toward the Gette.

William, Prince of Orange, who had but fifty thousand left in his camp, was alarmed by learning from his scouts that the French general, with near eighty thousand, was close at hand.

15 It was still in the king's power, by a hasty retreat, to put the narrow but deep waters of the Gette between his army and the enemy. But the site which he occupied was strong; and it could easily be made still stronger. He set all his troops to work. Ditches
 20 were dug, mounds thrown up, palisades fixed in the earth, and the king trusted that he should be able to repel the attack even of a force greatly outnumbering his own.

Luxembourg, however, was determined to try
 25 whether even this position could be maintained against the superior numbers and the impetuous valor of his soldiers. Soon after sunrise the roar of the cannon began to be heard. William's batteries did much execution before the French artillery could be so placed

as to return fire. It was eight o'clock before the close fighting began. The village of Neerwinden was regarded by both commanders as the point on which everything depended.

There an attack was made by the French left wing, 5 commanded by Montchevreuil, a veteran officer of high reputation, and by Berwick, who, though young, was fast rising to a high place among the captains of his time.

Berwick led the onset and forced his way into the village, but was soon driven out again with a terrible 10 carnage. His followers fled or perished; he, while trying to rally them, was surrounded by foes. He concealed his white cockade and hoped to be able, by the help of his native tongue, to pass himself off as an officer of the English army. But his face was recog- 15 nized by one of his mother's brothers, who held on that day the command of a brigade. A hurried embrace was exchanged between the kinsmen, and the uncle conducted the nephew to William.

By this time, the French, who had been driven in 20 confusion out of Neerwinden, had been reinforced by a division and came gallantly back to the attack. This second conflict was long and bloody. The assailants again forced entrance into the village. They were driven out with tremendous slaughter, and showed 25 little inclination to return to the charge.

Meanwhile the battle had been raging all along the intrenchments of the allied army. Again and again Luxembourg brought up his troops within pistol-shot

of the breastwork, but he could bring them no nearer. At length Luxembourg formed his decision. A last attempt must be made to carry Neerwinden; and the invincible household troops, the conquerors of Steinkirk, must lead the way.

The household troops came on in a manner worthy of their long and terrible renown. A third time Neerwinden was taken. A third time William tried to retake it. At the head of some English regiments he charged the guards of Louis, the French king, with such fury that, for the first time in the memory of the oldest warrior, that far-famed band gave way. It was only by strenuous exertions that the broken ranks were rallied.

A little after four in the afternoon the whole line gave way. All was havoc and confusion. The Duke of Ormond was struck down in the press; and in another moment he would have been a corpse, had not a rich diamond on his finger caught the eye of one of the French guards, who justly thought that the owner of such a jewel would be a valuable prisoner. The duke's life was saved; and he was speedily exchanged for Berwick.

It was only on such occasions as this that the whole greatness of William's character appeared. Amidst the rout and uproar, while arms and standards were flung away, while multitudes of fugitives were choking up the bridges and fords of the Gette, or perishing in its waters, the king put himself at the head of a few

brave regiments and by desperate efforts arrested the progress of the enemy.

His risk was greater than that which others ran, for he could not be persuaded to encumber his feeble frame with a cuirass, or to hide the ensigns of the garter. 5 He thought his star a good rallying point for his own troops, and only smiled when he was told that it was a good mark for the enemy.

Many fell at his right hand and at his left. Two led horses, which in the field always followed his per- 10 son, were struck dead by cannon shots. One musket ball passed through the curls of his wig, another through his coat, a third bruised his side and tore his blue riband to tatters.

Many years later, gray-headed old pensioners, who 15 crept about the arcades and alleys of Chelsea Hospital, used to relate how he charged at the head of Galway's horse, how he dismounted four times to put heart into the infantry, how he rallied one corps which seemed to be shrinking: "That is not the way to fight, gentle- 20 men. You must stand close up to them. Thus, gentlemen, thus." "You might have seen him," an eyewitness wrote only four days after the battle, "with his sword in his hand, throwing himself upon the enemy. It is certain that one time, among the rest, he was seen at 25 the head of two English regiments, and that he fought seven with these two in sight of the whole army, driving them before him above a quarter of an hour. Thanks be to God who preserved him!"

The enemy pressed on him so close that it was with difficulty that he at length made his way over the Gette. A small body of brave men who shared his peril to the last, could hardly keep off the pursuers as
 5 he crossed the bridge. Never, perhaps, was the change which the progress of civilization has produced in the art of war more strikingly illustrated than on that day. Ajax beating down the Trojan leader with a rock which two ordinary men could scarcely lift, Horatius defend-
 10 ing the bridge against an army, Richard the Lion-hearted spurring along the whole Saracen line without finding an enemy to stand his assault, Robert Bruce crushing with one blow the helmet and head of Sir Henry Bonun in sight of the whole array of England
 15 and Scotland, — such are the heroes of dark ages.

At Landen two poor sickly beings, who in a rude state of society would have been regarded as too puny to bear any part in combats, were the souls of the two great armies. But their lot had fallen on a time when
 20 men had discovered that the strength of the muscles is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind.

From "The History of England."

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

For an account of the life of Bryant, see Book IV, page 112.

COME, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;
 So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest ;
 We plant upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors ;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by the cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;

And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this apple tree?

“Who planted this old apple tree?”
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:

“A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree.”

A HIGHLAND SNOWSTORM.

[ABRIDGED.]

JOHN WILSON.

JOHN WILSON, better known as "Christopher North," was born at Paisley, Scotland, in 1785, and died in Edinburgh in 1854.

He entered the University at Glasgow when he was twelve years old and completed his education at Oxford.

5 After leaving college he went to live on his estate, which was delightfully situated on Lake Windermere, near the homes of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He spent four years there in boating, fishing, and hunting. He was married when he was twenty-six, and soon afterwards published a volume of poems. He continued
10 to live an idle, out-of-door life until the loss of a large share of his fortune, when he went to Edinburgh and began to study law.

He decided, however, to devote himself to literature, and wrote many articles for "Blackwood's Magazine," signing himself "Christopher North."

15 When he was thirty-five years old, Mr. Wilson was elected professor in the University at Edinburgh, and held this position for thirty years.

4 ONE family lived in Glencreran, and another in Glencoe — the families of two brothers. Each had an
20 only child — a son and a daughter — born on the same day. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parent's eyes — Flora Macdonald, a name hallowed of yore, the fairest, and Ronald Cameron, the boldest of all the living flowers in Glencoe and Glencreran.

25 It was now their seventeenth birthday, and Flora was to pass the day in Glencreran. Ronald was to meet her in the mountains, that he might bring her

down the precipitous passes to his father's hut; and soon they met at the trysting place, a bank of birch trees beneath a cliff that takes its name from the eagles.

On their meeting, seemed not to them the whole of 5 nature suddenly inspired with joy and beauty? From tree roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flower-like, now for the first time, were seen looking out as if alive; the trees seemed budding, as if it were already spring; and rare as in that rocky region 10 are the birds of song, a faint trill for a moment touched their ears, and the flutter of a wing. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreached by the frost, and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. 15

The boy starts to his feet, and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle; for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was in his blood. Lo! a deer from Dalness, hound-driven, or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, 20 then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, then away — away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a certain death wound. Laboring and lumbering heavily along, the huge animal at last disappears 25 around some rocks at the head of the glen.

“Follow me, Flora!” the boy-hunter cries; and flinging down their plaids they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the glen after the

stricken deer. Redder and redder grew the snow, and more heavily trampled, as they winded around the rocks.

Yonder is the deer, staggering up the mountain, not
 5 half a mile off — now standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off. “Rest, Flora, rest! while I fly to him with my rifle and shoot
 10 him.”

The boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forward, now alone, and thus he was hurried on for miles, till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the
 15 convulsive beatings of feet. Then leaped Ronald upon the red deer and lifted a look of triumph to the mountain-tops.

Where is Flora? Ronald has forgotten her, and he is alone — he and the deer — an enormous animal, fast
 20 stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air, and they seem to waver and whirl, though an hour ago there was not a breath. Faster they fall and faster; the flakes are as large as leaves; and overhead whence so
 25 suddenly has come that huge, yellow cloud? “Flora, where are you? where are you, Flora?” and from the huge animal the boy leaps up and sees that no Flora is at hand.

But yonder is a moving speck, far off upon the snow.

'Tis she! 'tis she! Shrill as the eagle's cry he sends a shout down the glen, and Flora is at last by his side. Panting and speechless she stands, and then dizzily sinks upon his breast. Her hair is ruffled by the wind, and her face moistened by the snowflakes, now 5 not falling but driven. Her shivering frame misses the warmth of the plaid which almost no cold can penetrate.

What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which in his foolish passion 10 he had flung down to chase that fatal deer? "Oh, Flora, if you would not fear to stay here by yourself, under the protection of God, soon would I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying; and under the shelter of the deer we may be able to outlive the 15 hurricane."

"I will go with you down the glen, Ronald"; but, weak as a day-old lamb, she tottered and fell down in the snow. The cold had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race; and it was manifest that 20 here she must be for the night, to live or to die.

"I will go and leave you with God," said Ronald; and he went and came as if he had been endowed with eagles' wings.

All at once Ronald lifted Flora in his arms, and 25 walked up the glen. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off. There it was—a snowdrift at the opening that had been once a door; the wood of the

roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snowflakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled, as if by sheep; and carrying in his burden, Ronald saw
 5 the place was filled with a flock that, all huddled together, looked on him as on a shepherd come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All color, all motion, all
 10 breath seemed to be gone; and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pine branches had been flung, as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in stormy
 15 weather.

Into that corner the snowdrift had not yet forced its way, and he sat down there with Flora. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted
 20 by the stones.

Bright was the peat fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glencoe, and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this the birthday of their blameless child. They thought of her singing her
 25 sweet songs by the fireside of the hut in Glencreran, and tender thoughts of her cousin Ronald were with them in their prayers.

So was it now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran. Their Ronald had left them in

the morning; night had come, and he and Flora were not there; but they never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Ronald had returned with Flora to Glencoe.

But the inland storm had been seen brewing among 5 the mountains, and down through the long cliff-pass went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows in the van, Fingal, the Red 10 Beaver, with his head aloft on the lookout for deer. Following the dogs, who know their duties, the band are now close to the ruined hut.

Why bark the sheep-dogs so? and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He 15 scents the body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest when the antlers went by. Not dead — nor dead she who is on his bosom. Yet will the red blood in their veins ever again be thawed?

Almost pitch dark is the roofless ruin; and the 20 frightened sheep know not what is that terrible shape that is howling there. But a man enters and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of those at the doorway, and then lifts the other; and by the flash of a rifle, they see it is Ronald Cameron and Flora 25 Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death. But the noble dog knows that death is not there, and licks the face of Ronald, as if he would restore life to his eyes.

The storm was with them all the way down the

glen; nor could they have heard each other's voices; but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand, thinking of the hut at Glencoe, and of what would be felt there on their arrival.

5 Instinct, reason, and faith conducted the saving band along; and now they are at Glencoe, and at the door of the hut.

To life were brought the dead; and there, at midnight, sat they up like ghosts. Then, as if in holy
10 fear, they gazed in each other's faces, thinking that they had awakened in heaven. "Flora!" said Ronald; and that word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent
15 them deliverance.

LEARNING BY HEART.

VERNON LUSHINGTON.

TILL he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely
20 reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of nature's wonders through a microscope.

Again, how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading passes away if you do not give it a further and much better reading! — passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If 5 you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so! Learn it by heart, and it is yours forever!

Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our 10 own, may be to us a daily pleasure — better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratula- 15 tions, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hillsides, or by sounding shores — noble friends and companions, our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call! 20

Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson — the words of such men do not stale upon us; they do not grow old or cold. Further, though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for 25 memory and by memory. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the heart, and I think I see a gleam of rare joy in the eyes of the old man.

For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with having a few stock pieces.

The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying is, that it may be said that a relish for higher literature belongs only to the few; that it is the result of cultivation; and that there is no use in trying to create what must be in general only a fictitious interest. But I do not admit that literature, even the higher literature, must belong to the few. Poetry is, in the main, addressed to all men; and though some poetry requires particular knowledge and superior culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only natural feeling and the light of common experience.

To abandon all recitation is to give up a custom which has given delight and instruction to all the races of articulately speaking men. If our faces are set against vain

display, and set towards rational enjoyment of one another, each freely giving his best, and freely receiving what his neighbor offers, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation, or that the fine passages will wither. And, moreover, 5 it is not for reciting's sake that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading— learning by heart.

I come back, therefore, to this, that learning by heart is a good thing, and is neglected amongst us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our indolence, but partly, 10 I take it, because we do not sufficiently consider that it is a good thing, and needs to be taken in hand. We need to be reminded of it; I here remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, “O-yes, o-yes! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient prac- 15 tice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder should be handsomely rewarded.” . . .

If any ask, “What shall I learn?” the answer is, “Do as you do with tunes; begin with what you sincerely like best, what you would most wish to remem- 20 ber, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another.” You will soon find the list inexhaustible. Every one has spare ten minutes; one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing 25 this good property you have won.

A COURT LADY.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT was born in England on the 6th of March, 1806. Her father was a wealthy Englishman, and shortly after the birth of this daughter he built a country house in Herefordshire — “a luxurious home standing in a park, among trees, and sloping hills all sprinkled with sheep.”



Elizabeth, a slender little maiden with dark eyes, soft curls, and a smile like a sunbeam, occupied a room in the upper part of the house, where she could look out upon the tree-tops and listen to the soft notes of the birds.

Each of the children of the family had a garden of his own, and Elizabeth was so fond of white roses that she had a bower overgrown with them.

Her tutor found in her a remarkable pupil, and at eight years
20 of age the little girl was reading Greek, often holding her book in one hand while she nursed her doll on her arm.

Her father was very proud of his little daughter, and when she was between eleven and twelve he had one of her poems, “The Battle of Marathon,” published for his own library.

25 But her time was not all spent in study. She loved to play with her brothers and sisters, and ride her black pony, Moses, about the country. One day in trying to saddle him in the field, she fell and injured her back, so that for years she was a helpless invalid. This trial did not prevent her from living as
30 she had dreamed and hoped to live, and she continued to read and write in her seclusion.

Her mother died when Elizabeth was twenty, and her father

was unfortunate in business, so that he was obliged to sell his beautiful home, and the family went to London.

Elizabeth was seldom able to leave her room, but continued to write. Her name soon became known to the world. One of her first works to attract attention was "Prometheus," which 5 was published when she was twenty-six years old.

Many a sweet and tender poem came from her pen, and she always wrote on the side of truth and freedom.

She became acquainted with Robert Browning, another of England's great poets, and they were married in 1846. Mr. 10 Browning took his wife to Florence, Italy, and the sunny skies of that country partially restored her health.

"Casa Guidi Windows," one of Mrs. Browning's strongest poems, was written during her life in Florence, as she looked from her windows upon the Italian people struggling for freedom. 15

"Aurora Leigh" is Mrs. Browning's most famous work. Every page is filled with beauty. This most gifted of women-poets died at Florence in 1861.

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple
were dark,

Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners
and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens,
"Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of
the King.

“Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the
mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small
at the throat.”

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her
up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital
came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to
end,
“Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place
of a friend.”

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young
man's bed :
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of
his head.

“Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou,”
she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him : he dreamed in her face
and died.

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a
girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying, — a deep black hole
in the curls.

“Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou,
dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of
the slain?”

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with
her hands:

“Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should
weep as she stands.”

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by
a ball:

Kneeling, “O more than my brother! how shall I thank
thee for all?”

“Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land
and line,
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong
not thine.

“Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dis-
possest;
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be
strong for the rest.”

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch
where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out
of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the
name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and
came.

Only a tear for Venice? She turned as in passion and
loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she
were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to
another,
Stern and strong in his death. “And dost thou suffer,
my brother?”

Holding his hands in hers: “Out of the Piedmont
lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or
to die on.”

Holding his cold rough hands, “Well, oh well have ye
done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble
alone.”

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet
with a spring, —
“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the
King.”

THE STAG OF CLANRUADH.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

For a sketch of the life of George MacDonald, see Book V, page 46.

AMONG the peasantry assembled at the feast were two that had neither danced nor seated themselves at the long table where all were welcome. The elder was a man about five and fifty, tall and lean, with a wiry frame, dark grizzled hair, and a shaven face. His eyes 5 were remarkably clear and keen, and the way he used them could hardly fail to attract attention. Although everybody spoke to him, he never spoke in reply — only made signs, sometimes with his lips, oftener with hand or head; the man was deaf and dumb. 10

His companion was a youth whose age it would have been difficult to guess. He looked a lad, and was not far from thirty. The relation between the two was strangely interesting. Day and night they were inseparable. Because the father was deaf, the son gave all 15 his attention to the sounds of the world; his soul sat in his ears, ever awake, ever listening.

What his people thought of him came out in the name they gave him: "Rob of the Angels." Some said he always looked cold; but I think that came of 20 the wonderful peace on his face, like the quiet of a lake over which lies a thin mist. Never was stronger nor fuller devotion manifested by son to father than by Rob of the Angels to Hector of the Stags.

The father trusted his son's hearing as implicitly as his own sight. When he saw a certain look come on his face he would drop on the instant and crouch as still as if he had ears, watching Rob's face for news of
5 some sound wandering through the vast of night.

He had the keenest eyes in Clanruadh and was a dead shot. Even the Chief was not his equal. Yet he never stalked a deer, never killed anything for mere sport. What the two wanted for food they would kill;
10 but it was not much they needed, for seldom can two men have lived on less.

Two young men of wealth, named Sercombe and Palmer, had come to the country to hunt. They had neither experience nor trustworthy attendants; none
15 of the Chief's men would hunt with them. Neither had shot a single stag and the time was drawing near when they should return. To have no proof of prowess to display was humbling to Sercombe; he must show a stag's head or hide his own! He resolved, by him-
20 self, one of the next moonlit nights, to stalk a certain great, wide-horn stag of whose habits he had received information.

His sole attendant when shooting was a clever vagabond lad, called Christian. From him he heard of the
25 great stag and the spots in the valley which he frequented, often scraping away the snow with his feet to get the grass. The lad did not inform him that the animal was a special favorite with the Chief of Clan-

ruadh, or that the clan looked upon him as their live symbol, the very stag represented upon their coat of arms.

Christian and Sercombe had stalked him day after day, but without success. And now, with one poor 5 remaining hope, the latter had determined to stalk him by night. To despoil him of his life, his glorious rush over the mountain-side, to see that ideal of strength, suppleness, and joyous flight lie nerveless and placid at his feet, was for the time the ambition of Halary 10 Sercombe.

There was, however, a reason for the failure of the young hunters beyond lack of skill and what they called their ill luck. Hector of the Stags was awake; his keen eye was upon them, seconded by the all-hearing ears of 15 Rob of the Angels. They had discovered that the two men had set their hearts on the big stag, and every time they were out after him Hector, too, was out with his spyglass, the gift of an old seafaring friend, searching the billowy hills. 20

While the hunters would be toiling along to get wind of him unseen, for the old stag's eyes were as keen as his velvety nose, the father and son would be lying, perhaps close at hand, perhaps far away, on some hill-side of another valley, watching now the hunters, now 25 the stag.

For love of the Chief and for love of the stag they had constituted themselves his guardians. Again and again, when one of the hunters had him within range,

quietly feeding, naught between the great pumping of his big joyous heart and the hot bullet but the brown skin, a distant shot would forestall the nigh one, a shot for life, not death; and the stag, knowing instantly, by
 5 wondrous combination of sense and judgment, in what quarter lay the danger, would, without once looking around him, measure a hundred yards of hillock and rock between the sight-taking and the pulling of the trigger.

10 Another time it would be no shot, but the bark of a dog, the cry of a moor fowl, or a signal from some watching hind that started him.

The sounds that warned the stag were by no means always uttered by other animals. They were often but
 15 imitations by Rob of the Angels. Not a moment did the stag neglect any warning, but from peaceful feeder was changed to wind-like fleer, his great horns thrown back upon his shoulders, and his four legs just touching the ground with elastic hoof.

20 One night Hector of the Stags could not sleep. It was not for cold, for the night was for the season a mild one. Raising himself on his elbow, Hector learned that Rob was not by his side. He, too, had been unable to sleep, and at last discovered that he was
 25 uneasy about something; what, he could not tell. He rose and went out. The moon was shining, and, as there was much snow, the night was brighter than many a day. Hector soon joined his son. He had brought his telescope and immediately began to sweep

the moonlight on the opposite hill. In a moment he touched Rob on the shoulder and handed him the telescope. Rob looked and saw a dark speck on the snow moving along the hillside. It was the big stag. Now and then he would stop to snuff and search for a mouth- 5 ful, but was evidently making for one of his feeding places—most likely that on the Chief's land. They did not stop for more than a glance, however, but made for the valley as fast as they could walk; the noise of running feet would be heard too far on such a clear 10 night. The whole way, without sound uttered, father and son kept interchanging ideas on the matter.

From thorough acquaintance with the habits of the animal, they were quite certain he was on his way to his favorite haunt. If he reached there, he would be 15 safe; it was the Chief's ground and no one would dare to touch him. But he was not yet upon it and was in danger. If they found him at his usual feed, and danger threatening, they must scare him eastward; if no peril was at hand, they would watch him awhile, that 20 he might feed in safety.

They approached the castle; immediately beyond that they would be in sight of the feeding ground. But they were still behind it when Rob of the Angels bounded forward in terror at the sound of a gun. His father, 25 however, who was in front, was off before him. Neither hearing anything, nor seeing Rob, he knew that a shot had been fired, and, caution being now useless, was in a moment at full speed.

The smoke of the shot hung white in the moonlight over the end of the ridge. No red bulk shadowed the green pasture, no thicket of horns went shaking over the sod. No lord of creation, but an enemy of life,
 5 stood regarding his work, a tumbled heap of death, yet saying to himself, "It is good."

Rage filled the heart of Hector of the Stags. He gave a roar like a wild beast and raised his gun. But Rob of the Angels caught it ere it reached his shoulder.
 10 He yielded, and with another roar like a lion bounded bare-handed upon the enemy.

It was not merely that the enemy had killed the great stag of their love; he had killed him on the Chief's own ground, under the eyes of the man whose
 15 business it was to watch over him. It was an insult as well as a wrong to his Chief. In the fierce majesty of his wrath he threw himself upon the poacher. Sercombe met him with a blow straight from the shoulder, and he dropped.

Rob of the Angels, close behind him, dropped his gun,
 20 his knife flashed pale in the moonlight, and he darted upon the enemy. It would have gone ill with the bigger man, for Rob was as lithe as a snake—not only swift to parry and dodge, but to strike. Sercombe's arm
 25 would have had at least one terrible gash, had not at that moment, from the top of the ridge, come the stern voice of the Chief. Rob's knife "made lightnings in the splendor of the moon," as he threw it from him and sank down by his father. Then Hector came to

himself and rose, trembling with excitement, for he saw the stalwart form of his Chief on the ridge above him.

The Chief had been wakened by the gun, and, at the roar of his friend Hector, sprang from his bed. But when he saw his beloved stag dead on his pasture, he came down the ridge like an avalanche. He gazed speechless for a moment on the slaughtered stag and heaved a great sigh. “Mr. Sercombe,” he said, “I would rather you had shot my best horse. Are you aware, sir, that you are a poacher?”

“I had supposed the term inapplicable to a gentleman,” answered Sercombe with entire coolness. “I will pay whatever you choose to set on the brute.” It would be hard to say which was less agreeable to the Chief, to have his stag called a brute, or be offered blood money.

“Stag Ruadh priced like a bullock,” he said with a slow smile, full of sadness; “the pride of every child in the glen! Not a gentleman in the county would have shot Clanruadh’s deer.”

Sercombe was by this time feeling uncomfortable, and it made him angry. He muttered something about superstition.

“He was taken when a calf,” the Chief went on, “and given to a great-aunt of mine; but when he grew up he took to the hills again, and was known by his silver collar till he managed to rid himself of it. He shall be buried where he lies, and his monument shall tell how the stranger served the stag of Clanruadh.”

From “What’s Mine’s Mine.”

PINE TREES.

JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819. He was a bright, active boy and learned to read when he was four years old. He amused himself by making little books, printing them by hand, and illustrating them with his own drawings.



His parents spent several summers in driving about England enjoying the sights and historical places. John went with them, and as soon as he could write he kept a journal.

Several years later he traveled with his father through Germany, sailed across the Italian lakes, and saw the Alps.

Ruskin was educated at Oxford. When he was graduated he had already become well known as a writer, gained the most popular

university prize, and was considered a clever artist.

20 He became deeply interested in the artists of his time, and published a number of volumes entitled "Modern Painters." He has also written many other works, each containing common sense and truth, as well as beauty and imagination.

Mr. Ruskin died January 20, 1900, at his home at Brantwood.

25 THE pine is trained to need nothing and to endure everything. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted to the soft, lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with the show of blossom and glad with pretty

charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops.

To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure fields; to nurse in shade among our brown, fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain, — such service must we do him steadfastly while we live.

Our bodies also are at his service; softer than the bodies of other trees, though our service is harder than theirs. Let him take them as he pleases for his houses and ships. So also it may be well for these timid, lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines must live amidst the wrath of clouds.

We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.

And, finally, these weak, lowland trees may struggle fondly for the last remnant of life, and send up feeble saplings again from their roots when they are cut down. But we builders with the sword perish boldly; our dying shall be perfect and solemn, as our warring; we give up our lives without reluctance, and forever.

I wish the reader to fix his attention for a moment on these two great characters of the pine, its straightness and rounded perfectness ; both wonderful, and in their issue lovely. I say first its straightness. Because
 5 we see it in the wildest scenery, we are apt to remember only as examples of it those which have been disturbed by violent accident or disease.

Of course such instances are frequent. The soil of the pine is subject to continual change ; perhaps the
 10 rock in which it is rooted splits in frost and falls forward, throwing the young stems aslope, or the whole mass of earth around it is undermined by rain, or a huge boulder falls on its stem from above, and forces it for twenty years to grow with weight of several tons
 15 leaning on its side.

Nevertheless this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. The pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained ; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, looking
 20 up to its great companies of pine.

You cannot reach them ; those trees never heard human voice ; they are far above all sound but that of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs.

Then note, farther, their perfectness. The pine
 25 stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, and instead of being wild in its expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery. For other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs ; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in

happy isolation, allows no bough to be seen. Lowland forests arch overhead and ~~chequer~~ the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing to the sky, it lets the sun- 5 shine strike down to the dew.

And then I want you to notice in the pine its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes.

You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; 10 and for this reason it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery changes noticed by Shakespeare.

When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear, all the trees for about three or four 15 degrees on each side of the sun become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself.

I thought at first this was owing to the actual luster of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the 20 cloud-dew upon them, every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them.

From "Modern Painters."

ASPECT OF THE PINES.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, a well-known Southern poet, was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1830.

His verses are filled with pictures of nature in the South and the lessons revealed to his poetic mind. He died in 1886.

TALL, somber, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams —
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And in each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last sunset comes — the solemn joy — and night
Born from the nest when cloudless day declines —
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, gently float,
Fraught with pale odors up the heavens afar,
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

WORK.

JOHN RUSKIN.

It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner ⁵ is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily minded people like making money — ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money. 10

A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay — very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it; still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. 15

So of doctors. They like fees no doubt — ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and — if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them — ²⁰ would rather cure their patient and lose their fee than kill him and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly trained men; their work is first, their fee second; very important always, but still *second*.

But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class 25

who are cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second.

5 And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man. You cannot serve two masters; you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master.

Observe then, all wise work is mainly threefold in
10 character. It is honest, useful, and cheerful. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and you do not in work. In your lightest games you have always some one to see what you call "fair play." In boxing, you must hit fair;
15 in racing, start fair. Your watchword is fair play; your hatred, foul play. Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, fair work, and another hatred also, foul work?

THE MARCH OF THE MARSEILLAIS.

WHAT an uproar! The whole square, blazing with sunlight, was crammed full of people, all talking and shouting and gesticulating at once, while the National Guard was forming in line. No one seemed to know what had happened.

5

“What is it all about?” I asked.

“What is it all about?” repeated one of the soldiers. “The King of France is a traitor. We are betrayed by our king. The Marseilles battalion is on its way to Paris. It will pass through Avignon. We are going 10 to welcome these brave patriots.”

Scarcely were we in line when a number of children came running towards us screaming: “Here they are! Here they are!”

And then, around the turn of the road, brave in their 15 red plumed cocked hats, appeared the leaders of the Marseilles battalion, while all the men together burst forth with:—

“Forward, forward, countrymen!

The glorious day has come!”

20

It was the “Marseillais” that they were singing; and that magnificent hymn, heard then for the first time, stirred us down to the very marrow of our bones.

On they came, and what a sight it was! Five hundred men sunburnt as locust beans, with black eyes 25 blazing like live coals under bushy eyebrows, all white

with the dust of the road. They wore green cloth coats turned back with red like mine. Some wore cocked hats with waving feathers ; some, red liberty caps with the strings flying back over their shoulders.

5 Each man had stuck in the barrel of his gun a willow or a poplar branch to shelter him from the sun, and all this shrubbery cast dancing shadows over their faces that made them look still more fantastic and strange.

10 And when from all those red mouths—wide open as a wolf's jaws, with teeth gleaming white like a wild beast's teeth—burst forth the chorus, "To arms, citizens !" it fairly made a shiver run down one's spine.

The whole battalion passed onward and was swallowed up in the city gate. Then came four men, hauling after them a rusty truck, on which was a cannon. These men were harnessed to the truck as oxen to the plough, and, like oxen, pulled from head and shoulders. With every muscle at full stretch they bent forward
20 to their heavy task. Following the truck came another and still another. Gasping though the men were for breath, yet they too raised their heads and shouted as they passed through our ranks:—

"To arms, citizens, to arms !"

25 Day was dawning as we began our march with the battalion, and soon we were on the highroad under a blazing sun, kicking up the dust like twenty flocks of sheep and making our throats as dry as limekilns.

In spite of heat and dust, in spite of thirst and weariness, no one complained as we tramped steadily on; one body and one soul, with one will and one aim—and that to make the traitor king and those Parisians who were traitors with him cry mercy.

5

At midday we reached Orange, where the whole town came to meet us. I can tell you I was a proud boy as I entered that town! From my shoes to my eyebrows I was white with dust. My red cap was cocked over one ear. I kept my eyes glaringly wide open, so as to look fierce and dangerous. I howled the “Marseillais” at the top of my voice as I marched—and I was sure no one saw or heard anybody but me!

Hours went by; onward we marched through the black night. Oh, how long was that night and how weary that road! We were too tired to talk. The only sounds we heard were the rumbling of the cannon on the road and the chirping of the crickets in the fields.

At last we came to a village just as the dawn began to whiten the sky. On the straw of some threshing-floors we laid ourselves down for an hour’s sleep. At sunrise we were in line again.

This time I stationed myself in the rear, beside the cannon. A tremendous longing to help pull the guns had taken hold of me; for I thought that if only I could be harnessed up with the others I would not seem so young. I fancied to myself how I would look as we passed through the towns and villages—bend-

25

ing over and tugging at the straps, my eyes wide open and rolling ferociously, and all the while shouting in a voice as hoarse as I could make it, "Liberty forever!"

"Your turn will come in good time, little man," I
5 was told. "We are not in Paris yet, and before we reach there you will have quite enough to do to carry your bundle and your gun and your sword, which is a good deal longer than you are!"

This setback made me turn red with shame, but
10 suddenly the drum beat the quickstep and we steadied our lines. We were entering the town beyond which we were to rest.

How delicious it was to go down on one's elbows and stretch out at full length on the soft grass in the
15 shade of the poplars and willows! I let my head fall between my hands and watched with great interest an ant who was carrying through the grass a crumb of bread bigger than himself. The little creature would lose its way in a thick tangle of grass blades, or
20 would slip down from a tall stem. In pity for him I would take a twig and help him on his way; putting the twig under him very gently so as not to hurt him, and so lifting him over a hard pass that would have cost him an hour of climbing to cross alone. And so
25 the afternoon wore away.

We marched all night. Now we were coming to the frontiers of the north. There were no more olive trees, and the soft sea wind of the Mediterranean was far away. But this was only the beginning of the march.

We went steadily on, drinking the water of brooks and ditches, and taking only snatches of sleep as the chance came.

The endless road was always the same long, weary way. Footsore, hungry, weary, still we toiled on. 5 Some of the men began to drag behind, limping on bleeding feet; but they struggled bravely along. To drown the murmurs of pain, which even the best of them could not wholly stifle, we sang the "Marseillais."

And at last, after days of weariness and hunger and 10 thirst, we saw on the edge of the green plain the towers and spires of Paris.

A great crowd followed us into the city, drawn on partly by the steady roll of the drums, but more strongly by the terrible chant of the "Marseillais," 15 which all the five hundred men of the battalion sang in one tremendous voice. Soon the crowd caught the words of the chorus and sang with us — and then it was no longer five hundred, but a thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand singers, singing with one voice. 20

I sang as if I would tear my throat open. From time to time I would look back to see the overwhelming, howling, terrible flood of people pouring in close behind us. Our weeks and weeks of marching were over. It seemed as if a great mountain were gallop- 25 ing after us with its peaks and valleys and forests shaken and riven by the avalanche, the tempest, the earthquake of God!

*Adapted from Janvier's translation from the
"Provençal of Félix Gras."*



THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

For a sketch of the life of Alfred Tennyson, see Book V, page 102.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And through the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver,
 Through the wave that runs forever,
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
 Slide the heavy barges trailed
 By slow horses ; and unhailed,
 The shallop flitteth silken-sailed,
 Skimming down to Camelot :
 But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
 Or at the casement seen her stand ?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot :
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers, “ ’T is the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.”

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to towered Camelot ;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :

She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily,
As he rode down to Camelot:

And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed ;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
“Tirra lirra,” by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror cracked from side to side ;
“The curse is come upon me !” cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,

Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance,
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,

And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear:
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY was born in Dorchester, now a part of Boston, Mass., on the 15th of April, 1814. His parents belonged to old New England families, and John never tired of hearing their stories of the early settlers. His great-grandfather was killed 5 by the Indians, and his grandmother, who was a little child at the time of the attack, would have lost her life or been taken prisoner, if the maid servant had not hidden her under a large tub in the cellar.



John was a bright boy, truthful, and with a quick sense of honor. He was very fond of reading and was seldom seen without a book in his hand. He had a talent for declaiming, and one of his younger brothers 20 remembers being wrapped in a shawl, and kept quiet with sweetmeats, to represent the dead Cæsar, while John delivered the speech of Antony over his body.

His father's house was a large, homelike dwelling, and the children were allowed the freedom of the garret 25 and garden. Many a treasure was stowed away in trunks under the eaves, and John and his playfellows,

among them Wendell Phillips, who afterward became a famous orator, often arrayed themselves in long cloaks and plumed hats, and acted plays or scenes from history.

John was sent to school at Northampton when he
 5 was about ten years old. He was a brilliant scholar and gained a great reputation among the boys because of his ability to declaim. One of his teachers was George Bancroft, the historian, who little thought that his clever pupil would some day rank with himself as
 10 an author.

At the age of thirteen, the future historian entered Harvard College. He was the youngest member of his class, and his reputation as a scholar and his handsome person attracted much attention. During his first year
 15 in college, young Motley held the second or third rank in his class. He led a very pleasant life, receiving his friends in his handsomely furnished room, roaming about the old, historic town, and spending his leisure time in reading and writing sketches and poems for his own
 20 amusement.

After completing his college course, he went to Germany and spent two years at the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen. One of the friends made at this time was Prince Bismarck, who was one of his fellow-
 25 students at Göttingen. The two young men lodged in the same house and spent much time together.

On his return to America, Motley studied law. He was married when he was twenty-three to Mary Benjamin, and two years later his first work, a novel called

“Morton’s Hope,” was published. This book contains many scenes drawn from the life of the author.

In 1841 Mr. Motley was sent by the government to fill an office in Russia. He spent several months in St. Petersburg, but found the climate so trying that 5 he was unwilling to take his family to that country, so resigned his position and returned to America.

Mr. Motley’s first historical work was an article on “Russia” and “Peter the Great,” which appeared in the “North American Review.” It was a brilliant essay 10 and gave the author a place among the foremost writers of the day.

After the success of this article, Mr. Motley determined to devote his time to historical writing, and he began reading for a history of the Dutch Republic. 15 Meanwhile his second novel, “Merry-Mount,” had been published. This was a romance of the Massachusetts Colony, and received more attention than the story of “Morton’s Hope.”

After working for several years on the Dutch his- 20 tory, Mr. Motley decided that in order to make his work complete he must consult the libraries of Europe.

He took his family abroad, and started his work anew, visiting the scenes which he was describing, and searching in the libraries for old letters and documents. 25 He so lived in his work that to his imagination, Brussels seemed peopled with the kings and heroes of bygone days.

For ten years he labored upon this history, and then

published it at his own expense, for he could find no publisher willing to undertake so large a work.

The book was widely read and highly praised. It was reprinted in New York and translated into several
5 languages, and the author, who had almost forgotten living men in his close study of historical characters, found himself the object of every attention.

Motley was forty years of age when "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" was published. He spent the
10 next winter in this country, enjoying its social life, and then returned to England, where he was received with every attention. He was a welcome guest in the best houses, and the kindness and pleasure with which he was received added much to his happiness.

15 He again devoted himself to study, and in four years the first part of his second historical work, "The History of the United Netherlands," was published. It increased the reputation gained by the first history. The last volumes of this work were not published until
20 eight years later.

Mr. Motley was a true American. When the Civil War broke out he was deeply interested in the welfare of his country and returned to the United States. He was appointed Minister to Austria, which position
25 he held for six years, making his home in Vienna. During this time he met his old friend, Bismarck. Motley's daughter writes of their meeting:—

"Bismarck dined with us twice during his short stay, and was most delightful and agreeable. When he and

my father were together they seemed to live over the youthful days they had spent together as students, and many were the anecdotes of their boyish frolics which Bismarck related."

After resigning his office in Vienna, Motley returned 5 to America, and two years later was sent as Minister to England, remaining there one year.

He then devoted his time to literary work, and wrote the life of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland. In order to search for material for this work he took 10 his family to The Hague, where the Queen of Holland had made ready a house for him. He completed this work; but it was his last, for his health was failing, and after the death of his wife in 1874 he laid aside his pen. 15

Mr. Motley's last days were spent in England. He died in that country in May, 1877.

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

ON the twenty-fifth day of October, 1555, the estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels. They had been summoned to be the witnesses and the guarantees of the abdication 5 which Charles V. had long before resolved upon, and which he was that day to execute. *Give up Power*

The palace where the states-general were upon this occasion convened was a spacious and convenient building. In front was a large, open square, enclosed by an 10 iron railing; in the rear an extensive and beautiful park, filled with forest trees, and containing gardens and labyrinths, fish ponds and game preserves, fountains and promenades, race courses and archery 15 grounds. *Walk for pleasure*

The main entrance to this edifice opened upon a spacious hall, connected with a beautiful chapel. The 20 hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations. At the western end a spacious platform, or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed. In the center of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded armchairs. The theater was filled — the audience was eager with expecta- 25 tion — the actors were yet to arrive. *musical*

As the clock struck three, the hero of the scene appeared. Cæsar, as he was always designated in the 30 *narration*

classic language of the day, entered, leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange. They came from the chapel and were immediately followed by Philip II. and Queen Mary of Hungary, and other great personages came afterward, accompanied by a glittering throng. 5

All the company present had risen to their feet as the Emperor entered. By his command all immediately afterward resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited, with the Fleece 10 Knights, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The Emperor, the King, and the Queen of Hungary were left conspicuous in the center of the scene.

Charles V. was then fifty-five years old, but he was 15 already decrepit with premature old age. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to van- quish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national 20 amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting.

These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported 25 himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly. His hair was white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and

shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding ; the eye was dark blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant.

So much for the father. The son, Philip II., was a
5 small, meager man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid.

In face he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same
10 aquiline but better proportioned nose. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world ; whose single will was, for the future,
15 to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The three royal personages being seated upon chairs placed triangularly under the canopy, such of the audi-
20 ence as had seats provided for them now took their places and the proceedings commenced. Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the council of the Netherlands, arose at the Emperor's command and made a long oration. He spoke of the Emperor's warm affection for
25 the provinces, of his deep regret that his broken health and failing powers compelled him to resign his sovereignty and to seek relief for his shattered frame in a more genial climate. He rejoiced, however, that his son was both vigorous and experienced, and that his

recent marriage with the Queen of England had furnished the provinces with a most valuable alliance. He concluded with a tremendous exhortation to Philip on the necessity of maintaining religion in its purity. }

After this the councilor proceeded to read the deed of cession by which Philip, already sovereign of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and titular king of England, France, and Jerusalem, now received all the Burgundian property, including, of course, the seventeen Netherlands. 10

The Emperor then rose to his feet. Supported upon his crutch and upon the shoulder of William of Orange, he proceeded to address the states.

As long as God granted him health, he continued, only enemies could have regretted that Charles was living and reigning; but now that his strength was but vanity, and life fast ebbing away, his love for dominion, his affection for his subjects, and his regard for their interests required his departure. 15

Turning toward Philip, he observed that for a father to bequeath so magnificent an empire to his son was a deed worthy of gratitude; but that when the father thus descended into his grave before his time, and by an anticipated and living burial sought to provide for the welfare of his realms and the grandeur of his son, the benefit thus conferred was surely far greater. 25

Posterity would applaud his abdication should his son prove worthy of his bounty; and that could only be by living in the fear of God, and by maintaining law and



Drawn by Frank T. Merrill.

Engraved by H. W. Peckwell.

CHARLES V. BLESSING HIS SON PHILIP II.

justice in all their purity as the true foundation of the realm.

In conclusion he entreated the estates, and through them the nation, to render obedience to their new prince; begging them at the same time to pardon him 5 all errors or offenses which he might have committed toward them during his reign, and assuring them that he should unceasingly remember their obedience and affection in his every prayer to that Being to whom the remainder of his life should be dedicated. 10

Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears poured profusely from every eye. As for the Emperor himself, he sank almost fainting upon his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child. 15

Even the icy Philip was almost softened as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand. Charles placed his hands solemnly upon his son's head and blessed him. Then raising him in his 20 arms he tenderly embraced him, saying as he did so, to the great potentates-around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved.

Philip now uttered a few words expressive of his 25 duty to his father and his affection for his people. Turning to the orders, he signified his regret that he was unable to address them either in the French or Flemish language, and was obliged to ask their atten-

tion to the Bishop of Arras, who would act as his interpréter. Antony Perrenot accordingly arose, and in smooth, fluent, and well-turned commonplaces expressed at great length the gratitude of Philip toward
 5 his father, with his firm determination to walk in the path of duty, and to obey his father's counsels and example in the future administration of the provinces.

This address was responded to by Jacob Maas, who had been selected to reply on the behalf of the states-
 10 general. Queen Mary of Hungary, the regent of the Netherlands during the past twenty-five years, then rose to resign her office, making a brief address expressive of her affection for the people. Again Maas responded, asserting in terms of fresh compliment and
 15 elegance the uniform satisfaction of the provinces with her conduct during her whole career.

The orations and replies having now been brought to a close, the ceremony was ended. The Emperor, leaning on the shoulders of the Prince of Orange and
 20 of the Count de Buren, slowly left the hall, followed by Philip, the Queen of Hungary, and the whole court; all in the same order in which they had entered, and by the same passage into the chapel.

From "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

[ABRIDGED.]

LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON was born in London in 1788. When he was ten years old he inherited a title of nobility and took possession of Newstead Abbey, the ancient family seat near Nottingham.

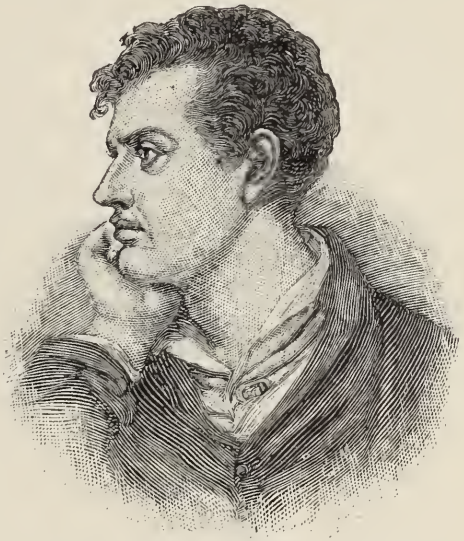
His early education was received at private schools, and he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, when he was seventeen years of age.

Two years later his first volume of verses, "Hours of Idleness," was published. It was severely criticised, and the young poet replied in so savage a poem that he attracted much attention.

After leaving college, Byron traveled along the shores of the Mediterranean, visiting Greece and Turkey. On his return he published the first part of "Childe Harold," which is generally considered his greatest work. After the publication of this poem he 20 was recognized as one of the leading poets of England.

Byron took final leave of England when he was twenty-eight, and lived for several years in Switzerland and Italy, where he wrote some famous poems.

The cause of Greek independence appealed so strongly to him 25 that he raised a large sum of money, and in the summer of 1823 he sailed to the assistance of the Greeks. He was made commander-in-chief of an expedition, but was taken ill and died on the 19th of April, 1824.



“ ‘Bring forth the horse!’ The horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look’d as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
’T was but a day he had been caught:
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led;
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

.

“ Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,

Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man.

.

“We near’d the wild wood — ’t was so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
’T was a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;

.

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
Where’er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish’d for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish — if it must be so —
At bay, destroying many a foe!

.

“Up rose the sun; the mists were curl’d
Back from the solitary world.
The very air was mute;

And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice, was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on ;
And still we were — or seem'd — alone.

At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.

Is it the wind those branches stirs ?
No, no ! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop ; I see them come !
In one vast squadron they advance !

I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;
But where are they the reins to guide ?

A thousand horse — and none to ride !
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,

And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet ;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,

He answer'd, and then fell ;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,

glazing

And reeking limbs immovable,
 His first and last career is done !
 On came the troop — they saw him stoop,
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong :
 They stop — they start — they snuff the air,
 Gallop a moment here and there,
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
 Then plunging back with sudden bound,
 Headed by one black mighty steed,
 Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
 Without a single speck or hair
 Of white upon his shaggy hide ;
 They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye.
 They left me there to my despair,
 Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
 Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him, nor me — and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead !
 I little deem'd another day
 Would see my houseless, helpless head.

.
 “ I woke — Where was I ? — Do I see
 A human face look down on me ?

And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie?
 And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
 That watches me with gentle glance?

I closed my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.

A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall;
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw

A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free;
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be, —
 But that I lived, and was released."

From "Mazeppa."

THE GENIUS OF A GREAT ARCHITECT.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS was born in Boston, December 13, 1835. His college education was received at Harvard, after which he studied theology at the seminary in Alexandria, Va.

After preaching for several years in Philadelphia he removed to Boston and filled the office of rector of Trinity Church, a beautiful edifice which was designed by the famous architect, Henry H. Richardson. 5

Mr. Brooks was one of the most brilliant pulpit orators of his denomination, and his printed sermons are widely read.

He was offered the position of preacher and professor at Harvard University, but declined. In 1891 he was made Bishop of Massachusetts. His death occurred in January, 1893. 10

Bishop Brooks was loved and honored throughout England and America; and memorials to him have been placed in London, at Harvard University, and in several churches. 15

FROM 1872 to 1886 — fourteen years — was the great full period of Henry H. Richardson's life and work. And what years they were! He had realized his powers. The fire of distinct genius, indefinable and unmistakable, was burning brightly. His buildings 20 opened like flowers out of his life. It is not in my purpose now to name even his greatest' works, or to describe the order in which they came, but rather to characterize some of the qualities, both of the man and of his work, as they showed themselves in those glorious years when — all over the country, in Albany and Washington and Boston and Cincinnati and Chicago, 25

and in quiet villages, where he made the town hall and library a perpetual inspiration, and along the railroads, where he made the station houses bear witness to the power of art to beautify the most prosaic uses, and in
 5 dwellings, which he filled with dignity and grace — everywhere the man genuinely and spontaneously blended his own nature with the purposes and material of the structures which he built. *freely*

The first quality of true genius certainly was in all
 10 that he did. It was instinctive and spontaneous. Based upon thorough study, genuinely expressing great ideas, it yet was true that there was much in Richardson's work of which he gave and could give to himself little or no account as to how it came to pass. He was not
 15 a man of theories. His life passed into his buildings by ways too subtle even for himself to understand. *50 years*

And so he has done a larger work than he ever deliberately resolved to do. He simply did his work in his own way, and the style was there.

20 It is a style of breadth and simplicity that corresponds with his whole nature. Never somber, because the irrepressible buoyancy and cheerfulness of his life are in it; never attaining the highest reach of spirituality and exaltation, for his own being had its strong
 25 association with the earth, and knew no mystic raptures or transcendental aspirations; healthy and satisfying within its own range, and suggesting larger things as he himself always suggested the possession of powers which he had never realized and used — something like *years*

this is the character of the buildings which he has left behind him.

He grew simpler as he grew older and greater. He often seemed to disregard and almost despise detail of ornament. He loved a broad, unbroken stretch of wall. 5 He seemed to count, with Ruskin, "a noble surface of stone a fairer thing than most architectural features which it is caused to assume." And yet out of this simplicity could burst a sumptuousness of design or decoration all the more captivating and overwhelming 10 for the simplicity out of which it sprang. I have heard one of his own profession call him "barbaric." It was that which made his work delightful. Whoever came in contact with it felt that the wind blew out of an elemental simplicity, out of the primitive life and funda- 15 mental qualities of man. And this great simplicity, the truthfulness with which he was himself, made him the real master of all that his art had ever been, made it possible for him, without concealment, to take some work of other days and appropriate it into work of his 20 own, as Shakespeare took an Italian tale and turned it into Shylock or Othello.

These are the moral qualities of his architecture. But these qualities every one must feel who stands in front of one of Richardson's great buildings; and the 25 same qualities every man felt who came to know him. That is another note of genius. The man and his work are absolutely one. The man is in the work, and the work is in the man. So Richardson possessed in him-

self that ~~solidity~~ without ~~stolidity~~, that joyousness without frivolity, which his best art expresses.

Nowhere does this identity of Richardson and his work seem more impressive than in that unique house
5 at Brookline which was at once his workshop and his home. No one who saw it when it was filled with his vitality will ever lose the feeling of how it was all vital, like a thing that had grown.

His life was like a great picture full of glowing color.
10 The canvas on which it was painted was immense. It lighted all the room in which it hung. It warmed the chilliest air. It made, and it will long make, life broader, work easier, and simple strength and courage dearer to many men.

HONEST WORK.

“MEN said the old smith was foolishly careful, as he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater pains-taking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed. 5

“Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. The cables were broken like threads. At 10 last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain. It sang in the wild storm as the vessel’s weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. 15 The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended *upon this one chain*. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even *one link* of his chain! But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into *every part of it*; and it stood the test, holding the ship 20 in safety until the storm was over.”

SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang ! the massive anvils ring ;
 Clang, clang ! a hundred hammers swing ;
 Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,
 The mighty blows still multiply ;

Clang, clang !

Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
 What are your strong arms forging now ?

Clang, clang ! We forge the colter now, —
 The colter of the kindly plough ;
 Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil !

May its broad furrow still unbind
 To genial rains, to sun and wind,
 The most benignant soil !

Clang, clang ! Our colter's course shall be
 On many a sweet and sunny lea,

By many a streamlet's silver tide,
 Amid the song of morning birds,
 Amid the low of sauntering herds,
 Amid soft breezes which do stray
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet may,
 Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
 With widespread glory clothes the land, —
 When to the valleys, from the brow

Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold, —
 We bless — we bless the Plough.

Clang, clang! Again, my mates, what glows
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows? —
 Clink, clank! We forge the giant chain
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
 'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides;
 Secured by this, the good ship braves
 The rocky roadstead, and the waves
 Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
 The mist drive dark before the breeze,
 The storm-cloud on the hill;
 Calmly he rests, though far away
 In boisterous climes his vessel lay,
 Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
 Fathoms beneath the solemn deep;
 By Afric's pestilential shore, —
 By many an iceberg, lone and hoar, —
 By many a palmy Western isle,
 Basking in Spring's perpetual smile, —
 By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
 When to the battery's deadly peal
 The crashing broadside makes reply?
 Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
 For death or victory?

Hurrah ! Cling, clang ! Once more, what glows,
 Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
 The iron tempest of your blows,
 The furnace's red breath ?
 Clang, clang ! A burning torrent, clear
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
 Around and up in the dusky air,
 As our hammers forge the sword.

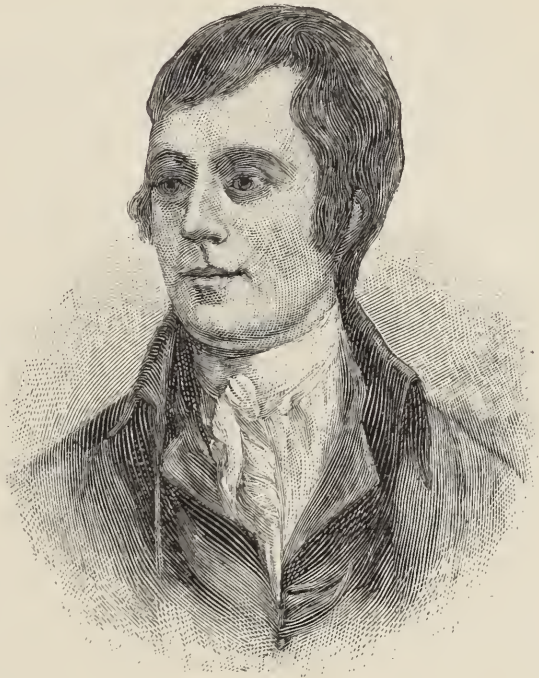
The sword ! — a name of dread ; yet when
 Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,
 While for his altar and his hearth,
 While for the land that gave him birth,
 The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
 How sacred is it then !

Whenever, for the truth and right,
 It flashes in the van of fight, —
 Whether in some wild mountain pass,
 As that where fell Leonidas, —
 Or on some sterile plain, and stern,
 A Marston or a Bannockburn, —
 Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills, —
 Or, as when sank the Armada's pride,
 It gleams above the stormy tide, —
 Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
 Is Liberty, when men do stand
 For justice and their native land,
 Then Heaven bless the Sword !

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was born near the town of Ayr, Scotland, on the 25th day of January, 1759. William Burns, "the brave father, a silent hero and poet," was a humble farmer, but he had a thirst for knowledge, and longed to give his family an education. He often 5 spent his noon hour in pointing out the wonders of nature and imparting to his children what little knowledge he had gained.

Robert was sent to school at Mt. Oliphant in his sixth year; but his father's poverty gave him little opportunity for education, and at the age of thirteen he was assisting in threshing the corn,



and at sixteen was the principal laborer on the farm.

There was an old woman named Betty Davidson who lived in the family. She had a store of tales and songs of fairies, ghosts, witches, dragons, and enchanted towers. Robert used to listen to these weird stories, 25 which had a strong effect upon his imagination. They fostered his love of poetry, so that when his hands

were busy with the farm work, his mind was galloping off on deeds of chivalry or indulging in flights of fancy.

The Sabbath was the only time for rest in this busy household, and upon that day Robert Burns would be found wandering alone beside the river Ayr and listening to the songs of the birds:

“The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev’ry bough;
10 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush.”

A storm always filled his heart with reverence. He wrote:

“There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more
15 —I do not know if I should call it pleasure, but something that exalts me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter day and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. . . . I listened to
20 the birds, and frequently turned out of my path lest I should disturb their little songs or frighten them to another station.”

In spite of his long hours of hard work, Burns became a great reader. He carried some volume, usually a
25 book of poems, in his pocket to study during his spare moments, and wrote: “I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, sublime, or fustian.”

While whistling along behind the plough or swinging the scythe, he was humming the songs of his country, or changing the forms of the ballads which he wrote at night in his cheerless room. It was while ploughing in the field that he composed

5

“That I for puir auld Scotland’s sake
Some useful plan or book could make
Or sing a song at least.”

Burns had a tender heart and ready sympathy. One day his plough turned up a field mouse in her nest. 10 The frightened little creature started to run, and one of the boys was about to kill her when Burns interfered. The thought that he had broken up this home where Mousie thought herself safe from the cold of winter filled him with regret, and he wrote his celebrated 15 poem, “To a Mouse,” on this occasion. Another poem, “To a Mountain Daisy,” was composed while he was ploughing a field where he had uprooted a daisy which was just springing up through the soil.

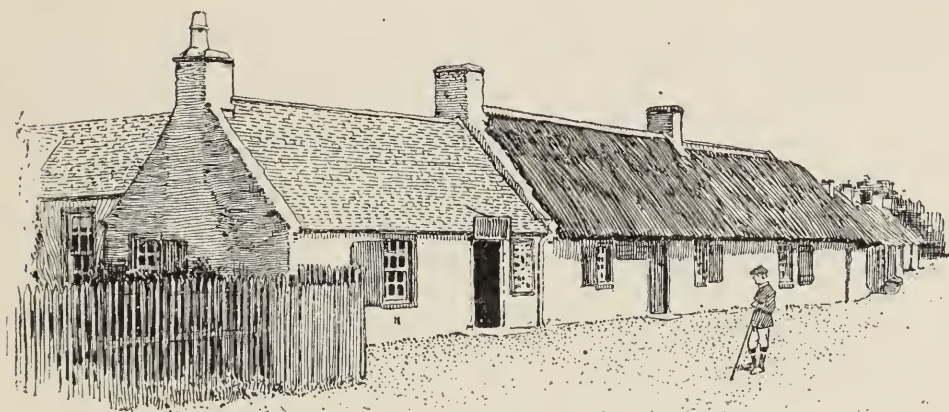
His first poem of note, “Behind Yon Hills where 20 Lugar Flows,” was written when Burns was twenty-two years old. During that year he went to Irvine to learn the flax dresser’s trade. “It was,” he writes, “an unlucky affair. As we were giving a welcome to the New Year, the shop took fire and burned to 25 ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, without a sixpence.” His father’s failing health and misfortunes made it necessary for him to return to the farm.

Burns began to be known in the neighborhood as a writer of verses, but some of his poems were received with disapproval, and other circumstances increased the feeling against him, so that he decided
 5 to leave Scotland and sail for Jamaica. To raise the needful funds, he had six hundred copies of a volume of his poems printed at Kilmarnock. The little book sold rapidly, and the poet had twenty guineas left after paying all expenses. Burns was
 10 now ready to leave Scotland, but a letter from a friend changed the current of his life and kept him in his native land.

The poet was received with the highest honor at Edinburgh, where he was invited into the society of the
 15 men of letters, rank, and fashion. Surely his dream had come true. He had reached the heart of "Bonnie Scotland"! Burns has taken the humblest pictures of Scottish life and breathed a deeper meaning into them than has ever been dreamed of by poet or
 20 artist. He has compared himself to an Æolian harp strung to every wind of Heaven, and there seems to be nothing from the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" to Scotland, his dear native land, that he has not clothed in verse. A second edition of his
 25 poems was published during the following year, and the proceeds of their sale brought the author five hundred pounds. Soon afterwards Burns married Jean Armour, to whom he had long been attached, and settled on a farm at Ellisland, not far from Dumfries.

When he took possession of the farm Burns asked little Betty, the servant, to take the family Bible and a bowl of salt, and, placing the one on the other, to walk into the house. This was one of the old customs, and the poet delighted in such observances. He and his wife followed Betty and began life on this farm. 5

While here he was appointed Excise officer for the district, and spent much of his time riding about the



BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

hills and vales of Nithsdale searching for smugglers, and murmuring his wayward fancies as he rode along. 10 He often had a half dozen pieces in his mind, and thought of one or the other as suited his mood. At this time Burns wrote about a hundred Scottish songs, for which he received a shawl for his wife, a picture representing "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and about 15 five pounds.

In a short time he was obliged to leave the pleasant farm and remove to a small house at Dumfries, where

he hoped to support his family on his small increase of salary as Excise man of that district; but certain political views made him unpopular. He became intemperate, and his health failed. He decided to try sea
 5 bathing and at first imagined that the sea had benefited him, but on his return home on the 18th of July, 1796, he became very ill and died within a few days.

The inhabitants of Dumfries started a subscription for the support of the widow and children of their
 10 beloved poet, which was increased by contributions from all over Scotland, and from England also. In the old churchyard at Dumfries is the mausoleum built over the poet's tomb, and a monument was erected to his memory beside the banks of "Bonnie
 15 Doon"; but he still lives in the hearts and memories of the Scottish people, who sing his songs and reverence the very walks where he loved to muse.

PLEASURES.

ROBERT BURNS.

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white — then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;

Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

From "Tam O' Shanter."

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

ROBERT BURNS.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;

How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE DOON.

ROBERT BURNS.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause¹ luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

¹*fause* = false.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
 To see the wood-bine twine,
 And ilka² bird sang o' its luve,
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Frae aff its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvver staw³ my rose
 But left the thorn wi' me.

² *ilka* = every. ³ *staw* = stole.

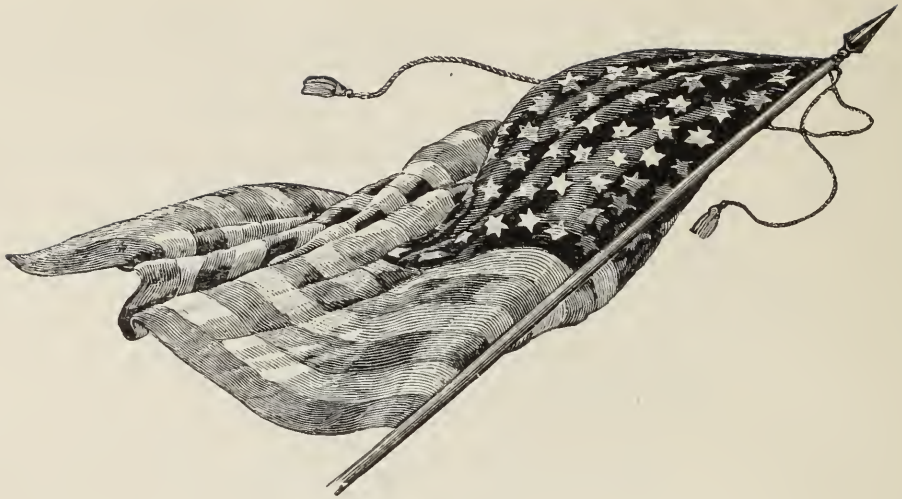
O SCOTIA! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

From "The Cotter's Saturday Night."



HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

THE history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltire or cross, in the form
 5 of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12,
 10 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England.

It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England,
 15 so well known as the "Union Jack," was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted

the basis of our American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at sundry times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or, at least, were not incorporated into and made a part of, the destined "Stars and Stripes." It was 5 after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that, January 2, 1776, he unfolded before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of 10 St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army.

Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, 15 it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a rela- 20 tion implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union *also* of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and opposition. 25

On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field."

This resolution was made public September 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a
 5 circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the union of the states.

In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in
 10 number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the War of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state.
 15 It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states.

20 Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, be formed into a single star—a suggestion
 25 which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure field—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance, and

justice, each star to signify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a Union that must be “one and inseparable.”

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battlefields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed—what storms of shot and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, but at Lundy’s Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence,—“Don’t give up the ship!”—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant west.

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation sea-

men and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it how many have
 5 sworn fealty to their country!

What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How
 10 many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said, in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "Oh, the flag! the Stars and Stripes!" And wherever that flag
 15 has gone it has been a herald of a better day; it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph
 20 of truth and righteousness love and salute it.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in New York City, in 1795. He wrote a number of poems which gave promise of his gaining high rank as a poet; but he died at the age of twenty-four.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet)
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,

Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas, on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

DREAM-CHILDREN : A REVERIE.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London on the 10th of February, 1775.

He was sent to school at Christ's Hospital when he was eight years old and remained there for seven years. Charles was a delicate, sensitive boy, and there was little in the dull, hard life of this school to make him happy.

He was fortunate in having Coleridge for a companion, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship.

After leaving school Lamb held a clerkship for a short time, and then entered an accountant's office, where he remained for over thirty years.

A terrible sorrow shadowed his life. His sister Mary became violently insane and was placed in an asylum. After the recovery of her health her brother obtained her release by promising to watch over and care for her.

When Lamb was twenty-one years old, Coleridge included four of his sonnets in a collection called "Poems on Various Subjects." These were the first of Lamb's writings to appear in print. He afterwards published a number of poems and plays, and, in company with his sister, wrote the famous "Tales" founded on the Plays of Shakespeare.

When Lamb was about forty-five years old, he wrote a number of essays, signing himself "Elia," and it is upon these that his literary fame rests. They are delicate in fancy and sparkle with wit and humor. He died on the 27th of December, 1834.



CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children ; to stretch their imagination

to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or a grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived
 5 in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the
 10 ballad of the “Children in the Wood.” Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreast; till a foolish rich per-
 15 son pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

Here Alice put on one of her dear mother’s looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how good their great-grandmother Field was; how
 20 beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer
 25 and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly

pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry 5 gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed."

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for 10 many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told her what a tall, 15 upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer,—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted,—the best dancer in the country. 20

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would 25 seem to live again or I to be turned into marble with them. How I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion with its vast empty rooms, with their wornout hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved

oaken panels with the gilding almost rubbed out,—sometimes in the spacious, old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me.

5 How the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and
10 picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at,—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me,—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the
15 oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth,—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent
20 friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children.

Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he
25 had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be

said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us. Instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than 5 themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out, — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries, — and how their uncle grew 10 up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grand-mother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many 15 a mile when I could not walk for pain.

In after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame- 20 footed; and how when he died, though he had not yet been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted 25 me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kind-

ness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again.

Here the children fell a-crying and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle
 5 John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I
 10 courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens,—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of
 15 representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was. While I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in
 20 the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams”;—and, im-
 25 mediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

FATHER PROUT.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAH'ONY, better known by his pen-name of Father Prout, was born in Ireland in 1804, and died in Paris in 1866.

He was a contributor of brilliant, witty, and fantastic productions to the leading periodicals of his time. His poem, "The 5 Shandon Bells," is the best known of his productions.

WITH deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine:

For memory dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of the belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;—
 O, the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them;
 But there is an anthem more dear to me,
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE LIONS.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES was born in the province of New Castile, Spain, in 1547. He was descended from a noble family, his grandfather having been a knight of some distinction.

Cervantes received a good education and soon showed a talent for writing. 5

At the age of twenty-one he became a soldier and won glory, during a sea battle, by rising from a sick-bed and taking command of some soldiers at the post of greatest danger, declaring his resolve to die fighting for his God and his king, rather than to remain under shelter and take care of his health. 10

Some years later, Cervantes was captured by the Algerians and made a slave; but after five years of captivity, which he bore with wonderful heroism, he was ransomed and returned to Spain, where he rejoined his regiment and distinguished himself. 15

He left the army when he was about thirty-five years of age, and engaged in writing poems and plays. Many years of hardship and poverty followed.

His great work "Don Quixote" was published in 1604, when he was fifty-seven years old. It was intended to ridicule the 20 extravagant stories of chivalry which were popular at that time. This book has been translated into many languages, and although nearly three hundred years have passed since it was written, it still retains its popularity.

Cervantes died at Madrid in 1616, the same year in which 25 Shakespeare died in England.

THE history relates that when Don Quixote called out to Sancho Panza, his servant, he was buying some curds of the shepherds, and being summoned in such haste to his master he knew not what to do with them; 30

so to prevent their being wasted he poured them into the helmet and hurried away to receive the commands of his master.

“Sancho,” said the knight, “give me my helmet;
5 for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that will oblige me to have recourse to arms.”

He of the green riding coat, hearing this, looked on all sides and could see nothing but a cart coming
10 towards them with two or three small flags, by which he thought it probable that it was conveying some of the King’s money.

He mentioned his conjecture to Don Quixote, but his only reply was: “Forewarned, forearmed; to be
15 prepared is half the victory. I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor from what quarter, nor at what time, nor in what shape they may attack me.”

He then took his helmet from Sancho, and without
20 perceiving the contents, clapped it hastily upon his head. The curds being squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of the knight to his great consternation.

“What can this mean, Sancho?” said he; “methinks
25 my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot! If so, it is certainly not through fear, though I verily believe that this will prove a terrible adventure.”

Sancho said nothing but gave him a cloth. Don

Quixote took off his helmet to see what was so cool to his head. "By my soul!" he exclaimed, "these are curds which thou hast put here, thou unmannerly squire!"

Sancho replied with much coolness and cunning: "If 5 they are curds, sir, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your Worship's helmet."

"Well," said Don Quixote, "there may be something in that"; and after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, again put it on, and fixing himself firm in 10 his stirrups, adjusting his sword, and grasping his lance he exclaimed: "Now, come what may, I am prepared to encounter the enemy!"

They were soon overtaken by the cart with the flags, which was attended only by the driver, who rode upon 15 one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the cart.

Don Quixote planted himself just before them and said: "Whither go ye, brethren? What carriage is this? What does it contain, and what are those banners?"

"The cart is mine," answered the carter, "and in 20 it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty; the flags belong to our liege, the King, to show that what is in the cart belongs to him."

"And are the lions large?" demanded Don Quixote. 25

"Larger never came from Africa to Spain," said the man on the front of the cart; "I am their keeper, and in my time have had charge of many lions, but never of any so large as these. Not having eaten to-day,

they are now hungry ; therefore, sir, stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed."

"What!" said Don Quixote with a scornful smile,
 5 "lion whelps against me! Against me, your puny monsters! and at this time of day! By yon blessed sun! those that sent them hither shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, and since you are their keeper, open the cages and turn
 10 out your savages of the desert; for in the midst of this field I will make them know who Don Quixote is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them hither to me. I vow, Don Rascal, if thou dost not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin thee to the cart."

15 Whilst the keeper was unbarring the first grate, Don Quixote deliberated whether it would be better to engage on horseback or not; and finally determined it should be on foot, as Roxinante, his steed, might be terrified at sight of the lions. He therefore
 20 leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, and drew his sword; then slowly advancing, with marvelous courage and an undaunted heart, he planted himself before the lion's cage.

The keeper, seeing that he could not avoid letting
 25 loose the lions without incurring the resentment of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage where lay a monster, which appeared to be of an extraordinary size and of a hideous and frightful aspect.

The first thing the creature did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely; after which he threw out some half yard of tongue, wherewith he licked and washed 5 his face. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage and stared round on all sides with eyes like red-hot coals; a sight to have struck temerity itself with terror!

Don Quixote observed him with fixed attention, im- 10 patient for him to leap out of his den, that he might grapple with him and tear him to pieces.

But the generous lion, after having stared about him, turned his back upon Don Quixote, and calmly and quietly laid himself down again in his cage. 15

Upon which Don Quixote ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. "That I will not do," answered the keeper; "for, should I provoke him, I shall be the first whom he will tear to pieces. The lion has the door open to 20 him, and the liberty to come forth; and since he has not done so, he will not come out to-day.

"The greatness of your Worship's courage is already sufficiently shown; no brave combatant is bound to do more than challenge his foe and wait his coming in the 25 field; and if the antagonist fails to meet him, the disgrace falls upon him, while the challenger is entitled to the crown of victory."

"That is true," answered Don Quixote; "shut the

door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me perform.”

The keeper closed the door, and Don Quixote, having fixed the linen cloth with which he had wiped the
 5 curds from his face, upon the end of his lance, began to hail the troop in the distance, who were still retiring, looking around at every step.

They all stopped, and saw that it was Don Quixote that made the sign; and their fear in some degree abating, they ventured to return slowly, till they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who continued
 10 calling to them.

When they had reached the cart again, Don Quixote said to the driver: “Now, friend, put on your mules
 15 again and proceed on your journey; and, Sancho, give two crowns to him and the keeper to make them amends for this delay.”

“That I will with all my heart,” answered Sancho; “but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or
 20 alive?”

The keeper then gave an account of the conflict, enlarging to the best of his skill on the valor of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the daunted lion would not or durst not stir out of his cage, though he held open
 25 the door a good while; and upon his representing to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion and force him out, he had, at length, very reluctantly permitted him to close it.

Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter yoked his

mules ; the keeper thanked Don Quixote for his present, and promised to relate this valorous exploit to the King himself when he arrived at court.

“If, perchance, his Majesty,” said Don Quixote, “should inquire who performed it, tell him the 5 knight of the lions ; for henceforward I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne, of the knight of the sorrowful figure, shall be thus changed, and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names at pleasure.” 10

From “Don Quixote.”

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

It is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice, rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy
 5 window frames and a massive hall door.

Such is the statehouse of Philadelphia in the year of our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick statehouse, stands an old man with
 10 snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes
 15 of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell, then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: "Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs and wait in the hall
 20 below till a man gives you a message for me; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?" The boy sprang from the old man's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The old bell keeper was alone. "Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me!" As the word was upon his lips a merry ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and swelling his little chest he raised himself on tiptoe and shouted the single word "Ring!" 5

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowds in the street hear it and burst forth in one long shout. Old "Delaware" hears it and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken. 15

Under that very bell, pealing out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers, and mechanics had assembled to break the shackles of the world. The committee, who have been out all night, are about to appear. At last the door opens and they advance to the front. The parchment is laid on the table. Shall it be signed or not? Then ensues a high and stormy debate. Then the faint-hearted cringe in corners. Then Thomas Jefferson speaks his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul. 25

Still there is a doubt; and that pale-faced man, rising in one corner, squeaks out something about "axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet." A tall, slender man rises, and his dark eye burns, while his words ring
 5 through the halls: "Gibbets! They may stretch our necks on every scaffold in the land. They may turn every rock into a gibbet, every tree into a gallows; and yet the words written on that parchment can never die. They may pour out our blood on a thou-
 10 sand altars, and yet, from every drop that dyes the axe or drips on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom will spring into existence. What! are these shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very dead upon our battlefields arise and call upon us
 15 to sign that parchment or be accursed forever?"

"Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! if the next moment this hall ring with the echo of the falling axe. Sign! by all your hopes in life or death, as husbands, as fathers,
 20 as men! Sign your names to that parchment!"

"Yes! were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this
 25 truth: God has given America to the free. Yes! as I sink down into the gloomy shadow of the grave, with my last breath I would beg of you to sign that parchment."

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

A Ballad of the Carolinas.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806, and died at Savannah in 1870.

He made verses when but seven years of age, and during the War of 1812 wrote many a rhyme celebrating the victories of the American army and navy. 5

His early education was received in the public schools of his native city. At the age of eighteen he began the study of law, and was afterwards admitted to the bar. After practicing law for a year, he purchased an interest in a newspaper, but this venture proved unsuccessful. 10

Mr. Simms then resolved to be an author, and from that time was constantly at work. He wrote plays, poems, novels, and historical romances.

What Cooper was to the North, Simms was to the South. His writings are full of vivid and picturesque scenes, telling of 15 the brave and chivalrous deeds of the people in his section of the country. He was a true American and a man of pleasant and genial manners.

HARK! 't is the voice of the mountain,
 And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
 As it tells of the bearing of heroes,
 Who compassed its summits and died!
 How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
 When the foemen had clambered the height!
 How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
 They hunted them down for the fight!

Hark ! through the gorge of the valley,
 'T is the bugle that tells of the foe ;
 Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
 And we snatch down the rifle and go.
 As the hunters who hear of the panther,
 Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
 Rides forth through the desolate antre,
 With the knife and the rifle at need.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather —
 From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
 The cabin half hid in the heather,
 'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still ;
 Each lonely at first in his roaming,
 Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
 And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
 When his bugle gives tongue to the air.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
 For the hunt of the insolent foe ;
 And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
 'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
 Down the lone heights now wind they together,
 As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
 And now, as they group on the heather,
 The keen scout delivers his tale : —

“The British — the Tories are on us ;
 And now is the moment to prove

To the women whose virtues have won us, *stronger*
 That our virtues are worthy their love!
 They have swept the vast valleys below us,
 With fire, to the hills from the sea;
 And here would they seek to o'erthrow us,
emphatic In a realm which our eagle makes free!"

No war council suffered to trifle
 With the hours devote to the deed;
 Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
 Swift followed the bound to the steed;
 And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen, *farmer*
 All panting with rage at the sight,
 Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
 As he lay in his camp on the height.

Grin dashed they away as they bounded,—
 The hunters to hem in the prey,—
 And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
 Then the British rose fast to the fray; *quarrel*
 And never, with arms of more vigor,
 Did their bayonets press through the strife,
 Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
 The sharpshooters dashed out a life!

'T was the meeting of eagles and lions,
 'T was the rushing of tempests and waves,
 Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
 Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves:

Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its “touch me who dare!” and he dies.

An hour, and the battle is over ;
The eagles are rending the prey ;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way :
More dreadful the doom that on treason
Avenes the wrongs of the state ;
And the oak tree for many a season
Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in Litchfield, Conn., on the 24th of June, 1813. He was graduated from Amherst College and then studied theology with his father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher.

He became pastor of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, when he was thirty-four years of age and held this position until his death, in 1887. 5

Mr. Beecher was an author and orator as well as a preacher.

. . . THE ground was white in spots with half-melted snow. A few whirls of snow had come down in the night, and the air was too cold to change to 10 rain. Some green leaves, in sheltered nooks, had accepted the advances of the sun and were preparing for the summer. But that which I came to search after was trailing arbutus, one of the most exquisite of all Nature's fondlings. 15

I did not seek in vain. The hills were covered with it. Its gay whorls of buds peeped forth from ruffles of snow in the most charming beauty. Many blossoms, too, quite expanded, did I find ; some pure white, and a few more deliciously suffused with pink. For nearly 20 an hour I wandered up and down, in pleasant fancies, searching, plucking, and arranging these most beautiful of all early blossoms.

Who would suspect by the leaf what rare delicacy was to be in the blossom ? Like some people of plain 25

and hard exterior, but of sweet disposition, it was all the more pleasant from the surprise of contrast. All winter long this little thing must have slumbered with dreams, at least, of spring. It has waited for no pioneer
5 or guide, but started of its own self and led the way for all the flowers on this hillside.

Its little viny stem creeps close to the ground, humble, faithful, and showing how the purest white may lay its cheek in the very dirt without soil or taint.

10 The odor of the arbutus is exquisite, and as delicate as the plant is modest. Some flowers seem determined to make an impression on you. They stare at you. They dazzle your eyes. If you smell them, they overfill your sense with their fragrance. They leave
15 nothing for your gentleness and generosity, but do everything themselves.

But this sweet nestler of the spring hills is so secluded, half covered with russet leaves, that you would not suspect its graces, did you not stoop to uncover
20 the vine, to lift it up, and then you espy its secluded beauty.

If you smell it, at first it seems hardly to have an odor. But there steals out of it at length the finest, rarest scent, that rather cites desire than satisfies your
25 sense. It is coy, without designing to be so, and its reserve plays upon the imagination far more than could a more positive way.

Without doubt there are intrinsic beauties in plants and flowers, and yet very much of pleasure depends upon

their relations to the seasons, to the places where they grow, and to our own moods. No midsummer flower can produce the thrill that the earliest blossoms bring, which tell us that winter is gone, that growing days have come!

5

Indeed, it often happens that the air is cold and the face of earth is brown, so that we have no suspicion that it is time for anything to sprout, until we chance upon a flower. That reveals what our senses had failed to perceive — a warmth in the air, a warmth in the soil, 10 an advance in the seasons!

Strange that a silent white flower, growing on a hillside, measures the astronomic changes, and, more than all our senses, discerns that the sun is traveling back from his far southward flight!

15

Sometimes we admire flowers for their boldness, in places where that quality seems fit. When meadows and fields are gorgeous, we look for some flower that shall give the climax. An intensity often serves to reveal the nature of things in all their several grada- 20 tions.

A violet color in these early spring days would not please half so well as these pure whites or tender pinks. We like snowdrops and crocuses to come up pale colored, as if born of the snow and carrying 25 their mother's complexion. But later, when the eye is used to blossoms, we wish deeper effects and profusions of color, which, had they existed earlier, would have offended us.

Flowers seem to have a peculiar power over some natures. Of course they gratify the original faculties of form, color, odor ; but that is the least part of their effect. They have a mysterious and subtle influence
 5 upon the feelings, not unlike some strains of music. They relax the tenseness of the mind. They dissolve its rigor.

In their presence one finds an almost magnetic trem-
 ulousness, as if they were messengers from the spirit
 10 world, and conveyed an atmosphere with them in which the feelings find soothing, pleasure, and peacefulness.

Besides this, they are provocative of imagination. They set the mind full of fancies. They seem to be pretty and innocent jugglers that play their charms
 15 and incantations upon the senses and the fancy, and lead off the thoughts in gay analogies or curious med-
 leys of fantastic dreaming.

between
 From "Eyes and Ears."

THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN CAVALIER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

For a sketch of the life of Sir Walter Scott, see Book VI, page 78.

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea from which there is no discharge of waters.

The dress of the rider and the accouterments of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveler in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets.

A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore,

secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards and displayed its little *pennoncelle*, to dally with the faint breeze or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer.

The surcoat bore in several places the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard with the motto: "*I sleep — wake me not.*" An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost defaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest.

The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, which hung to the saddlebow; the reins were secured by chain work, and the front stall of the bridle was a steel plate with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object were moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and 5 advanced toward the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, proved to be a ~~Saracen~~ cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a 10 friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the ~~infidel~~, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as a friend or foe; perhaps as a vowed champion of the cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance 15 from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor of many contests. 20

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light, round buckler of the skin 25 of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance.

His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at
 5 full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust
 10 his good horse by any unnecessary exertion ; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage without the additional momentum of
 15 rapid motion.

Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity and rode twice
 20 around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point ; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred
 25 yards.

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the

Christian knight, desirous to ~~terminate~~ this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddlebow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse.

Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him.

But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own.

Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or

three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as
 5 many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate
 10 enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly grapple the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt in which the
 15 Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off.

But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his
 20 sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce; he approached the Christian with his
 25 right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

“There is a truce betwixt our nations,” he said in the language commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; “wherefore should there

be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard, "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

5

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem 10 made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

15

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was 20 called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

25

From "The Talisman."

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

\bar{a} as in fāte	\hat{a} as in cāre	\acute{i} as in īdea	\bar{o} as in fōod
\hat{a} " senāte	\bar{e} " mēte	\check{i} " īt	\bar{o} " fōot
\check{a} " fāt	\bar{e} " ēvent	\bar{i} " sīr	\bar{u} " ūse
\check{a} " ārm	\check{e} " mēt	\bar{o} " ōld	\acute{u} " ūnite
\underline{a} " all	\bar{e} " hēr	\bar{o} " ōbey	\check{u} " ūp
\hat{a} " āsk	\bar{i} " īce	\check{o} " nōt	\acute{u} " fūr

II. EQUIVALENTS.

$\underline{a} = \check{o}$ as in whať	$\bar{o} = \bar{o}$ as in wōlf	$\bar{u} = \bar{o}$ as in pull
$\bar{e} = \hat{a}$ " thêre	$\bar{o} = \check{u}$ " són	$\bar{y} = \bar{i}$ " fly
$\bar{i} = \bar{e}$ " gīrl	$\bar{o} = \underline{a}$ " hōrse	$\check{y} = \check{i}$ " babŷ
$\bar{o} = \bar{o}$ " mōve	$\bar{u} = \bar{o}$ " rūle	

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

$\underline{c} = s$ as in miĉe	th (unmarked) as in thin
\bar{e} or c (unmarked) = k as in eall	ph = f " phantom
$\bar{e}h = k$ as in sehōol	$\underline{s} = z$ " is
ch (unmarked) " child	z (like s sonant) " zone
\underline{g} like j " cāge	qu (unmarked) " quite
\bar{g} (hard) " gēt	$\underline{x} = gz$ " ex<u>act</u>
$\underline{n} = ng$ " īnk	x (unmarked) = ks " v<u>ex</u>
th " thēm	

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound, are marked thus, \underline{a} , \underline{e} , etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST.



THE following is an alphabetical list of the most difficult words used in this Reader.

The less difficult words that have been used in the previous Readers of this series are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

For an explanation of the diacritical marks, see preceding page.

The syllable *tion* is not re-spelled in this list, but wherever it occurs should be pronounced *shŭn*.

ăb dĩ cā' tion	âir' ỉ lý	ăp' ẽr tũreş
ăb hôrred'	ăl' bâ tröss	ăp' prẽ hẽn' sive
ăb' sô lũte lý	ăl' lĩ' ançe	ăp' prô băt ẽd
ăb străct' ẽd	ăl' liẽd'	ăp' prô' prĩ âte lý
ăc ցẽl' ẽr ât ẽd	ăl' low' anç ẽş	ă' quĩ lĩne
ăc count' ant	ăl-pěr vād' ینگ	ăr cādeş'
ăc cou' tẽr ments	ăl' lũred'	ăr' ehĩ tẽct
ăd mĩn ỉs trā' tion	ăm' blĩng	ăr ehĩ tẽc' tũr ăl
ăd' mĩ ral	ăm' bũs cāde'	à rē' nà
à droit'	ă năl' ô ցĩeş	ăr' sẽ năl
ăd věr' tĩşẽ ment	ăn' ẽc dōtes	ăr tĩc' ù lăte lý
ăd' vồ cāte	ăn' tre (tẽr)	ăr' tĩ fĩçe

är tĩl' lěr ỹ man
 äsp' ẽnş
 äs sēm' bled
 äs sō ցĩ ā' tion
 äs tound' ینگ
 äs trō nōm' ıc
 à sȳ' lūm
 äv' à lanche
 à vērred'
 äȳe

bäch' ẽ lor
 bał' dric
 bār bār' ıc
 baŋ' ble
 bē lēa' guēred
 bēn ẽ fāc' trēss
 bē nīg' nant
 bē quēath'
 bēv' ẽr āge
 bĩl' lōw ỹ
 bĩs' euīt
 bois' tēr ous
 bō rē ā' līs
 bound' à rĩş
 brāe
 brā vā' dō
 brēth' rēn
 buoy' an ցỹ

bûrgh' ẽr
 bûr' nished
 būs' kĩn
 cǎf' tan
 cǎl' ı bēr
 cǎp' tĩ vāt ینگ
 cǎp tĩv' ı tỹ
 cār' nāge
 cǎt' à lōgue
 cǎt' à rǎct
 cǎ thē' dral
 ցē mēnt' ẽd
 ցēn' sure
 (sh)
 chǎl' lēn gēr
 chā' ős
 chār' āc tēr ize
 chāsms
 chēm' ıs trỹ
 chēq' uér
 (k)
 chĩv' al roūs
 (s)
 chrĩs' tened
 Chris tiān' ı tỹ
 (ch)
 chrōn' ı clērs
 chrōn' ı cleş
 ցĩv ı lĩ zā' tion
 clām' bēred

clām' or ous
 cōl' ô nists
 cōl' tēr
 cōm bĩ nā' tion
 cōm mǎnd' ẽrs
 cōm mēn dā' tion
 cōm mū' nĩ cāt ẽd
 cōm mū' nĩ tỹ
 cōm mūt' ẽd
 cōm pǎn' iōn ship
 (y)
 cōm pǎrt' ments
 cōm plēx' iōn
 (sh)
 cōm' plĩ mēnt
 cōn ցēal' mēnt
 cōn' ցēn trāt ẽd
 cōn clū' siōn
 (zh)
 cōn cūs' siōn
 (sh)
 cōn dēmned'
 cōn gēn' ial
 (y)
 cōn stēr nā' tion
 cōn tā' gion
 cōn tēm' nērs
 cōn' tēm plāte
 cōn' trīte
 cōn và lēs' ցēnce
 cōn voy'

cōpse
cō rōl' là
cōrps
couch' ant
crō' cūs
crui's' ẽrş
crūm' bling
crū sād' ẽrş
çy' lın' dric al
çym' balş

dām' şels
dē çep' tion
dēc ō rā' tions
dē crep' it
dē fī' ançe
dē fil' ing
dē lib' ẽr āt ẽd
dē mār cā' tion
dē mēan' or
dē mōr' al ized
dē nōm i nā' tion
dē rīd' ing
dē şist' ẽd
dēs ō lā' tion
dēs pōt' ic
dēs' tĩ nĩş
dē strūc' tion
dē voured'

dī' à lēct
dīf fū' sion
(zh)
dīs āf fēc' tion
dīs ôr' dēred
dīs sēm' bled
dīs tinct' nēss
dī vī' sions
(zh)
dōc' ū ments
droug/ht
dūn' geon

ẽd ū cā' tion
ẽf fāçed'
ẽl ẽ mēnt' al
ẽm bār' rassed
ẽm blēm āt' ic al
ẽm broid' ẽred
ẽm' i grāte
ẽm' ū lāte
ẽn ăm' ẽl
ẽn chānt' ẽrş
ẽn chānt' mēnt
ẽn chānt' rēss
ẽn cōm' passed
ẽn cūm' bēr
ẽn dow' mēnt
ẽn dūr' ançe
ẽ nū' mēr āt ing

ẽ quip' mēnt
ẽ' quĩ tỹ
ẽ tēr' nal
eũ rē' kã
ẽ vác' ū āt ẽd
ẽ vãn' ish ing
ẽx ăm i nā' tions
ẽx' çel lēnç ẽş
'ẽx çise'
ẽx ẽc' ū tĩve
ẽx ẽr' tions
ẽx hōr tã' tion
ẽx pēnd' i tũre
ẽx pē' rĩ ençed
ẽx ploits'
ẽx prēss' ive
ẽx' quĩ şite
ẽx tĩn' guished
(w)
ẽx trāv' à gant
ẽx trēm' i tỹ

fāb' ū louş
fāl' chion
fē rō' cioūs lý
(sh)
fē rōç' i tỹ
fĩc tĩ' tioūs
(sh)
fĩl' à mēnts

f_lēer
f_lūc' tū āte
f_lōre' f_līn gēr
f_lōr' eīgn ċr_l
frān' tīc al l_ly
frī vōl' ī t_ly
frūs' trāt ěd
fūn dā mēn' tal
fūrze
fū s_līl lāde'
fūs' tian
(ch)

gāl' lant l_ly
gāl' lōws
gäunt' lēts
gēn' ũ īne l_ly
gē ōm' ě tr_ly
gēs tīc' ũ lāt īng
gēy' sēr
gīb' bēt
gīl' l_ly flow ěr
grā dā' tions_l
grāp' plīng
grēave_l
guār an tēe_l'
gūin' ěa

hāl' yard_l
hār mō' nī ōūs

hau' bērk
hēalth' ī l_ly
hēif' ěr
hīg' gle_l
hōn' ēy sūc kle_l
hōs pī tāl' ī t_ly
how ādj' ī
hūb' būb
hu_ls sār_ls'

īd' ī ot
īl lū' sō r_ly
īm bībe'
īm pēnd' īng
īm pē' rī al
īm plīç' īt l_ly
īm' pō tent
īm prī_ls' oned
īm prū' dent
īn āp' plī ca ble
īn cān tā' tions_l
īn clēm' en çy
īn clī nā' tion
īn cōr' pō rāt ěd
īn cūr' rīng
īn dē fīn' a ble
īn dī vī_ls' ī ble
īn' dō lēnçe
īn' fān tr_ly

īn' fī del
īn īm' ī tā ble
īn jū' rī ōūs
īn ōf fēn' sīve
īn quī_ls' ī tīve l_ly
īn sān' ī t_ly
īn sīg nī_l' ī cant
īn' sō lent
īn spī rā' tion
īn' stru ment
īn tēm' pēr āte
īn tēr çēde'
īn tēr chāng' īng
īn trēnch' ments
īn tru' sīve
īn vīn' çī ble
īn vōl' ũn tā r_ly
īr rēg ũ lār' ī t_ly
īr rēl' ě vant
īr rē prēss' ī ble
ī sō lā' tion

jōck' eys_l
jū' bī lant

lāb' y rīnth
lā' dled
lāirs_l
lān' yard

lī ā' nās̄
līb' ēr āl lỹ
līb ēr ā' tion
liēge
līme' kīlns̄
līn' nēt
līthe
lū' mī noūs
lūx ū' rī ant

māg nēt' ic
mān' i fēst ęd
mār' i tīme
mau sō lē' ūm
mē ehān' ics
mē mō' rī als̄
mēn' āç ing
mēn' ial
(y)
mē' tē ors̄
mēt' tle sōme
mī' crō scōpe
mī nūt' ęst
mī rāc' ū loūs lỹ
mō' mēn tā rỹ
mō mēn' tūm
mōn' ās tēr ỹ
mōr tī fī cā' tion
mūl' tī plỹ

mūs' cū lar
mū tī lā' tion
myr' mī dōns̄
(ē)
mỹs' tīc āl

nāv' i gā tor
nēc' tar īneš
nēg' lī ģençe
nēv ēr thē lēss'
nīche
nīght' īn gāle
noi' sōme
noūr' īsh ment

ōb sērv' anç ęs̄
ōb sērv' a tō rỹ
ōc' ū lar
ōm' i noūs
ōr' ān ģēr ỹ
ōr' ehīs

pāl i sādes̄'
pal' trỹ
pār' āl lēls̄
pārched
pārch' ment
pār' don ā ble
pār' līa ment

pār' sōn āge
pār tī āl' i tỹ
(sh)
pā' trī āreh
pēn īn' sū lar
pēn' nōn çēlle
pēr çēp' tion
pēr' fēct nēss
pēr pēt' ū āte
pēr sē vēr' ançe
pēr' sōn āg ęs̄
pēr suād' ęd
(w)
pēs tī lēn' tial
(sh)
phō tōg' rā phērs̄
phỹs̄' ic āl lỹ
pīn' iōns̄
(y)
plā cārd'
plān' tāins̄
plān tā' tions̄
pōach' ēr
poișed
pōn' iard
(y)
pōp ū lā' tion
pōs tēr' i tỹ
pō' ten tātes
pōt' tēr
prē çip' i toūs

prē mā tūre'
 prē pār' à tō rỹ
 prēs ěr vā' tion
 prē sĕrves'
 prīm' ĩ tīve
 prışm
 prī vā' tion
 prō fū' sion
 (zh)
 prō' grāmme
 prō ject' ileş
 pröm ē nādes'
 prō pōr' tioned
 prō prī' ē tor
 prō sāl' ĩc
 prōs trā' tion
 prō vō' ca tīve
 prow' ěss
 prȳ' ĩng
 psal' tēr
 pū' nỹ
 pūr sū' ançe

 quar' tēr mās tēr

 rām' mēr
 rēc' ĩ pē
 rē frāc' tō rỹ
 rē lī' ant

rē līn' quīsh
 rē mōn' strānce
 rēp rē sĕnt' a tīve
 rēp rē sĕnt' ment
 rē splēn' dent
 rē ūn' iōn
 (y)
 rēv' ěl rỹ
 rēv' ěr ent lỹ
 rēv' ěr ỹ
 rĥi nōç' ē rōs
 rĥȳmes
 rīb' and
 rōod
 rō' sē āte
 route

 sād' dened
 sāl' tire
 (ē)
 sāp' līngş
 sāt' ěl lītes
 scāth' lēss
 scȳthe
 sēa' fār ĩng
 sē lēc' tion
 sēn tī mēn' tal
 sē pūl' ehral
 shāc' kles
 shā grēen'

shāl' lōp
 shārp' shoōt ěrş
 shrüb' bēr ỹ
 sĭeve
 sīg' nī fīed
 smŭg' glērş
 sō' joŭrn ěrş
 sō līd' ĩ tỹ
 sōn' nēts
 sou
 sphēr' ĩc al
 spīr ĩt ũ āl' ĩ tỹ
 spōn tā' nē oŭs lỹ
 squad' rōn
 stāte' lī ěst
 stātes-gēn' ěr al
 stēr' ĩle
 stō līd' ĩ tỹ
 strēn' ũ oŭs
 sŭc çēs' sīve lỹ
 sŭf' fēr ěrş
 sŭm' mōned
 sŭmp' tŭ oŭs nēss
 sū pēr cār' gō
 sŭ pē rī ōr' ĩ tỹ
 sū pēr nāt' ũ ral
 sū pēr stī' tion
 sŭp' ple nēss
 sŭr çēase'

sŷc' ồ phant
sŷm' bỗl ize
sŷ rĩn' gà

tăc' tics
tăff' rãil
tăn' tà lized
tăp' ęs tried
taut.
taʷ' dry
těl' ẽ scōpe
těr' mĩ nāte
tēs' tà ment
thũn' dēr ous
thwart' ẽd
tīt' ù lar
tōc' sĩn
tour' neŷ
trà dĩ' tion ả rỹ
trăn scẽn dẽn' tal
trăns fĩg' ùreş
trěach' ẽr ous lỹ
trēm' ù loũs nẽss
trĩ ăn' gũ lar lỹ
trĩ' còl ored

trĩ ũm' phal
trũst' wor thỹ
(ũ)

trỹst' ĩng
twăng' ĩng

ũn ăid' ẽd
ũn ẵas' ĩng lỹ
ũn coiled'
ũn còm' fort a ble
ũn dẽ ẵived'
ũn dẽ fẽnd' ẽd
ũn dẽ fĩled'
ũn fã' vor a ble
ũn flẽdged'
ũn flĩnch' ĩng lỹ
ũn frẽ quẽnt' ẽd
ũn ĩn tẽr rũpt' ẽd
ù nique'
(ẽk)

ũn măn' nẽr lỹ
ũn mĩs tāk' a ble
ũn ỗb ẵerved'
ũn rẽ lẽnt' ĩng
ũn wiẽld' ỹ

ũp brăid' ĩng
ũp hẽav' ălĩ

vă' ẽan ẵeş
văg' ả bõnd
vă' grant
văl' iant lỹ
(y)
văl' or ous
vẽg' ẽ tã' tion
vẽnge' ẵe
věr' dũr ous
věr' ỉ fĩed
vẽx ă' tion
vĩ ẵĩn' ỉ tỹ
vĩg' ỉ lanẵe
vĩnt' ắgẽ
vĩr' gĩn ăl
vĩ tãl' ỉ tỹ
vỗl cã' nỗ

wẽdged
whey
(ă)
whorlş
(ũ)
wrẽtch' ẽd nẽss

PROPER NAMES.

ADDITIONAL SIGNS USED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST.

e as in *de* (Fr.).

ö (= ē) as in *Götz* (Ger.).

ï (= ē) as in *pique* (Fr.).

ü as in *Düs' sel dorf*.

K (= ch) as in *Rich' tēr* (Ger.).

Ŵ (= v) as in *Ŵil' hēlm* (Ger.).

N as in *Pe pin'* (Fr.).

Aē' sōp

Ā' jāx

Al' cott

Āl' lāh

Ām' brēe

Ā pōl' lō

Ār mā' dà

Au gys tī' nā

(ow)

Au rō' rā Lēigh

Ā vī' gnōN

Āyr (ny)

Āz' tēc

Bār' nē vēlt

Bēr nār din de St.

Pierre (dāN' de SāN
Pi ār')

Bīs' mārck

Bō hē' mī ā

Bue' nā Vīs' tā

(wā)

Caen

(kōN)

Cām' ē lōt

Cā' sā Guī' dī

(w)

Cās tīl' lā

(y)

Cā vī te'

(ā)

Chā pul' te pec

(ā) (ā)

Chār ney'

(s)

(ā)

Chēlms' ford

Chēr' boûrg

(s)

Çīm' trā

Clān ruadh' (roy)

Cōle' rīdġe

Côrme' rāy

Côr re gī dōr'

(ā) (h) (th)

Count de Bu' ren

Dāl nēss'

Dā mās' cūs

Dō mīn' gō

Dōn Ān tō' niō de

Ullō' ā (y) (ā)

(y)

Dōn Juān' de

(hw)

(ā)

Aus' triā

(ow)

(y)

Dōn Quīx' ôte

(Eng.)

Düs' sel dōrf

Fe' līx Grās

(ā)

Fī dele'

(ā)

Gāl' āx ŷ

Gā zēlle'

Glēn' cōe

Glēn crē' rān

Göt' tīng en

Hāgue

Hā' vrē

Hē' brew

(u)

Hō rā' tiūs

(sh)

İs' lä de Cü' bü
 (ä)
 Já māi' cá Plāin
 Lăb rá dōr'
 Lă Că pī tāine'
 Lăn' çê lōt
 Les Mī s̄é rābles'
 (ā) (ā)
 Leȳ' den
 Lou vāiN'
 Lū dō vi' cō
 Lū ne' tā
 (ā)
 Lux em bourg'
 (õx)
 Mā çau' laỹ
 Mā nīl' à
 Ma rōon'
 Mār' quīs de
 LăN te năc'
 Mār sei llāis'
 (ā) (y)
 Mā zēp' pā
 Mī' ehā ēl Ān' ġe lō
 (ā)
 Mī ġuēl' de Çēr-
 vān' tēs̄ (ā)
 Mīl' an
 Mīn dā nā' ō

Mō hām' mēd
 Mōn' mōuth
 Mōnt chē vreu' il
 (s) (g)
 Mōn tō' jō
 (h)
 Năz' à rēne
 Nêer' wīn dēn
 Nōr' fōlk
 Nō' tre Dāme
 Ō lym' pī à
 Pāl' ēs tīne
 Pā rī' sian
 (zh)
 Pērre nōt'
 Pēt' rēl
 Piēd mōn tēse'
 Phī lī bērt' de
 Brū xēlles'
 (s)
 Pīc ciō' là
 (t)(ch)
 Pōr til' lō
 (y)
 Pōt' ĩ phar
 Prī eur' de là
 Mārne
 Prō mē' theūs
 Prō ven çāl'
 (õx)

Rēğ' ĩ nald Hē ber
 Rei' nă Crīs tī' nă
 (ā)
 Rēp' pli ēr
 Rēyn' old̄
 SăiN tīne'
 Săn' ehō Păn' ză
 Sār' à çēn
 Sār à gōs' sà
 Shā lōtt'
 Sphīnx
 Su' bīg
 Tā' nīs
 Tēll mārēh'
 Thē' ō dōre
 Trō' jan
 Tūs' cā nỹ
 Tȳr' ol
 Ū' krāine
 Ve lās' cō
 (ā)
 Vēn dē' an
 Vīs' count de FōN'-
 te nāy
 Wīn' dēr mēre
 Wȳe

